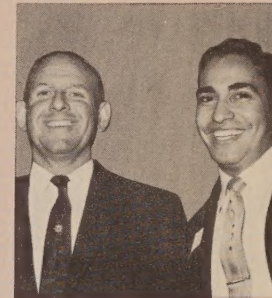


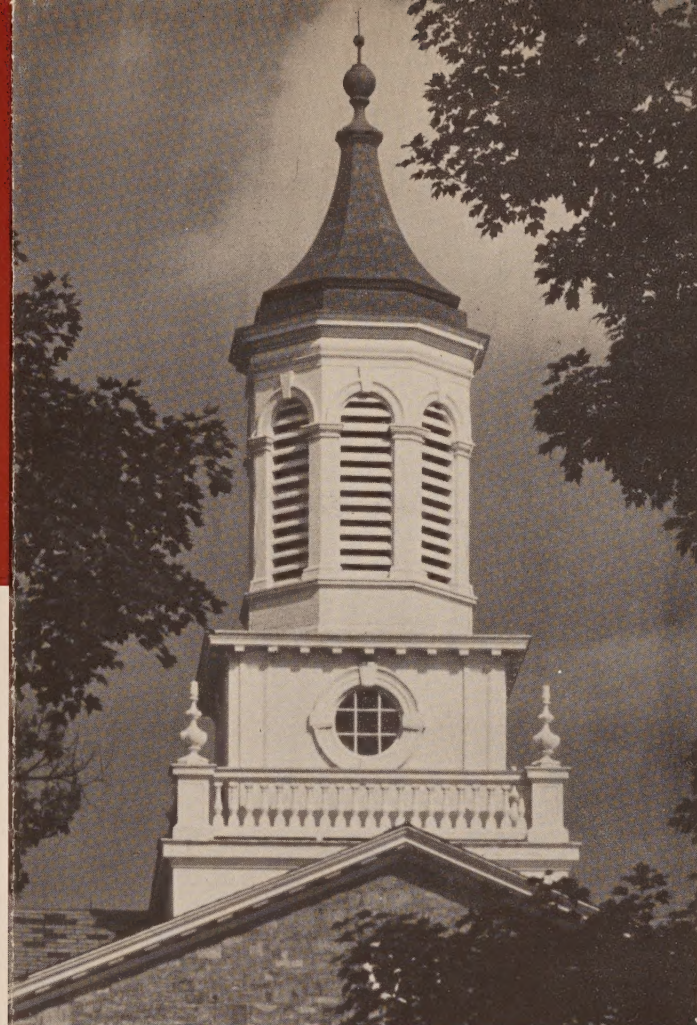
George Morrison, (American) and Yousef Butros (Egyptian). Their Youth Caravan Gospel Teams tour the Egyptian Church along 700 miles of the Nile from Alexandria to Aswan. Ramsey Anwar of this story is one of their active workers.



Morrison and Butros conduct eight summer youth conferences on the shore of the Mediterranean. Center man in upper row of three is Victor Makary, now a student in Princeton Seminary.



In 1962 Princeton Theological Seminary celebrates its Sesquicentennial. In 150 years, it has trained over 11,000 young men for the service of Christ throughout America and around the world.



WINTER, 1962

The SPIRE

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

The SPIRE

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Princeton, New Jersey

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Princeton, New Jersey



Witness on the Nile

by George E. Morrison

*Princeton Theological Seminary, '50
United Presbyterian Fraternal Worker*

With deadly effect the British and French planes were strafing the ground with machine gun fire. The Battle of Port Said was on. Crouched in a hole were two young men. One was dead. Beside him, Ramsey Anwar momentarily awaited the same fate.

"What lies beyond death?" he wondered. For the first time in a long while Ramsey thought about God.

The planes roared away, and Ramsey was still alive. "If God has saved you, why don't you believe in Him?" he said. Still lying in the sand, he prayed, "Oh, God, I am a sinner, save me and give me the peace I long have sought."

With a new joy in his heart Ramsey returned to his tent. He found a New Testament his sister had given him. He drank it in like a thirsty man who has found a spring in the desert. His friends in the army wondered at the change in him. Over and over again Ramsey told them how God had touched his life in the battle.

The first thing Ramsey did when he returned from the army was to go to the little church in the village where he had long been conspicuous for his absence. His friendly personality was now reinforced by the joy of Christ in his heart. With shining countenance he literally obeyed the command of Jesus, "Go home to your friends and tell them how great things the Lord has done for you."

Summer came, and with it a series of youth conferences conducted by the Youth Leaders of the Church of Egypt on the shore of the Mediterranean. Ramsey was the life of the camp, but he never forgot the main burden of his heart. In the evenings as the sun was sinking into the sea, the young people would gather in groups on the sand. Ramsey would join them and tell what Jesus had done for him.

After the conference Ramsey joined Sarwat, a young medical student, to visit the mud villages along the Nile. This was part of the Youth Caravan Touring Service that always followed the summer conferences. The young people would go in teams and often stay for a whole week in a mud village.

"Why have you come to visit us?" asked the people in one village.

"To share with you our Christian experience," said Ramsey very simply.

When evening came they all went to the village church. The crowd increased as they walked along. More came when the singing began.

All went well until a strange thing happened. A forbidding looking man with a rifle slung over his shoulder sat down in the back of the room. Fearful glances were cast in his direction by everyone present, for the man was Fulan, the most brutal and cruel person in all the countryside. There was scarcely a crime of violence he would

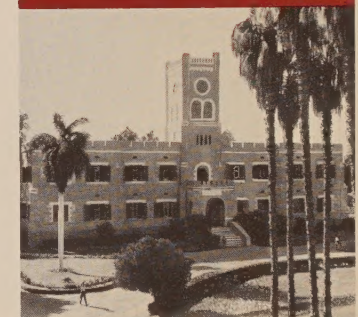
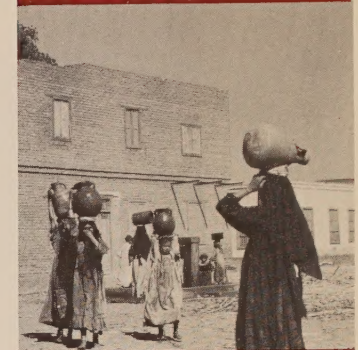
not commit for pay. Ramsey noticed the dampened spirits of the audience without understanding its meaning. Calmly he told how God had touched his life as he crouched in a hole during the battle.

The next night Fulan was there without his rifle and joined in the singing. Then he would come early and arrange the room. The village people watched him with curious interest. During the day they noticed Ramsey walking slowly along the street with this man whom they all had feared.

The village desperately needed medical help. Ramsey and Sarwat, the young medical student, decided to open a clinic. An empty room was found and Fulan became their right hand man.

Amazement filled the hearts of the people. No one needed to ask the reason for the change, for in Fulan's eyes there shone the same joy they saw in the face of Ramsey. The transforming power of Christ had touched the heart of this man whom they had all considered a hopeless sinner.

Some day the light of the Gospel will fill the Valley of the Nile. That day will come when Ramsey and others like him become as candles shining in the dark, and they too will obey the old command of Jesus, "Go home to your friends and tell them how great things the Lord has done for you."



Village youngsters on their way to Sunday School.

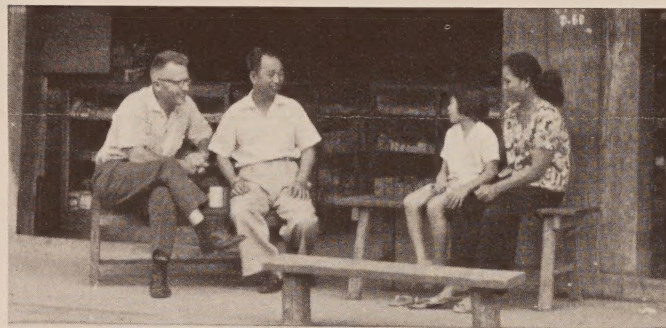
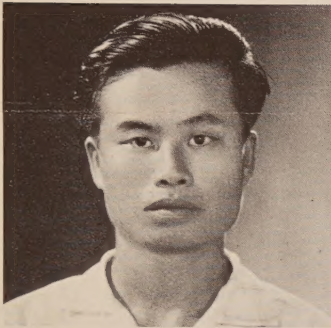
The sunset procession to the village well.

Main building of Assiut College—900 students. Headquarters for the youth work of Morrison and Butros.

THAIL



"I meet friends on the ox-cart and bicycle path."



Da Jub "my son Timothy." In such dedicated young people is the hope of the church. (upper left)

"I visit Dr. Tub Kong and his family." (upper right)

"I visit Tong just after his conversion." (lower left)

"Pastor Lim KengMeng and his elder who cling to Chinese language and culture." (lower right)

"You must be prepared for anything and must be able to take anything in your stride." This was my greeting from a fellow missionary as I took charge of my district five hundred miles long in Thailand.

"How right he was," I thought to myself as I set out to visit the members of our little church in the big market town of Tapsakee.

First I shall call on Dr. Tuh Kong and his wife right here in the town. Maybe they can procure a bicycle for me. They greeted me graciously. We sat down under the shade of his veranda for a visit. A large black board was conspicuously displayed at the front of his house, and on it were a series of numbers. I knew what they were, the winning numbers of the national lottery, and I already knew that one of the doctor's substantial sources of income was his commission on the sale of lottery tickets.

"Doctor," I said, "has it ever occurred to you that as a leading member of the church it is inconsistent for you to be selling lottery tickets?"

"No," he answered, "as a matter of fact I see nothing wrong with it. Can you show me anything in the Bible against lottery?"

"No," I answered, rather taken aback, but still convinced I was right.

"Do you realize," the doctor continued, "that the government trusts me to be one of its agents because I am a Christian? Isn't that good for the reputation of the church?"

How was I to meet the argument of this earnest Christian leader of the church when I could find nothing in the Bible that would specifically answer his arguments. I had prayer with the doctor and his wife in which I asked for the Holy Spirit to give him guidance in his decision and to give me guidance as his friend.

* * *

Next on my list is Dr. Chan, the dentist. "Shall I go in or shall I pass him by?" I asked myself. I know in advance he will not receive me very cordially, although he will put up a bold front. He will be embarrassed by my call even though I spare his feelings by talking in Chinese so that the onlookers may not understand our conversation. Baptised in China fifty-six years ago, he still calls himself a Christian, but I know that opium, wine, and non-Christian wives have carried him far from God. "No, I must not give him up I say to myself, for it is the

**For the greater part of 34 years since his graduation from college, Henry H. Bucher has been a missionary in the Far East; first in China, then in the Philippine Islands and now in Thailand. For four years he and his wife and four children were prisoners of war in Japanese hands. As the war neared its end food scarcity brought them within a few days of death from starvation. Then came the order to execute all prisoners the next morning at seven. Word reached the advancing American lines. At five minutes before seven American paratroopers dropped from the sky and rescued them.*

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

February 13, 1962

Dear Alumnus:

This will be the last issue of the Princeton Seminary Spire to reach you unless you wish to be continued on the mailing list and will so indicate by the use of the enclosed card.

The reason for dropping your name is simply that we do not wish to trouble you with an undue amount of mail from the Seminary, and because we believe the Bulletin and the Alumni News magazine will be of greater interest to you than the Spire, which is written primarily for the layman.

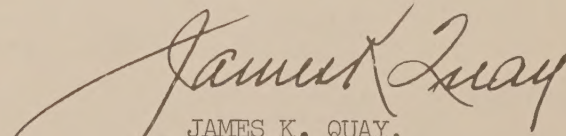
By March 1st, we hope to increase the Spire mailing list from 40,000 to 100,000. Will you cooperate with us in this effort by sending us within the next thirty days a sizable list of the names and addresses of persons you think would appreciate it? You may wish to use a printed or mimeographed membership roll and simply check the names of those to whom we should send the Spire. If any of those names are already on our mailing list, we shall eliminate the duplication.

We propose to use the list of names you submit in the following way:

- a.) We will send them the Spire without comment through 1962.
- b.) The January, 1963, issue will be sent in an envelope with a return card, offering the recipient the opportunity to be removed from the list if he should so desire.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

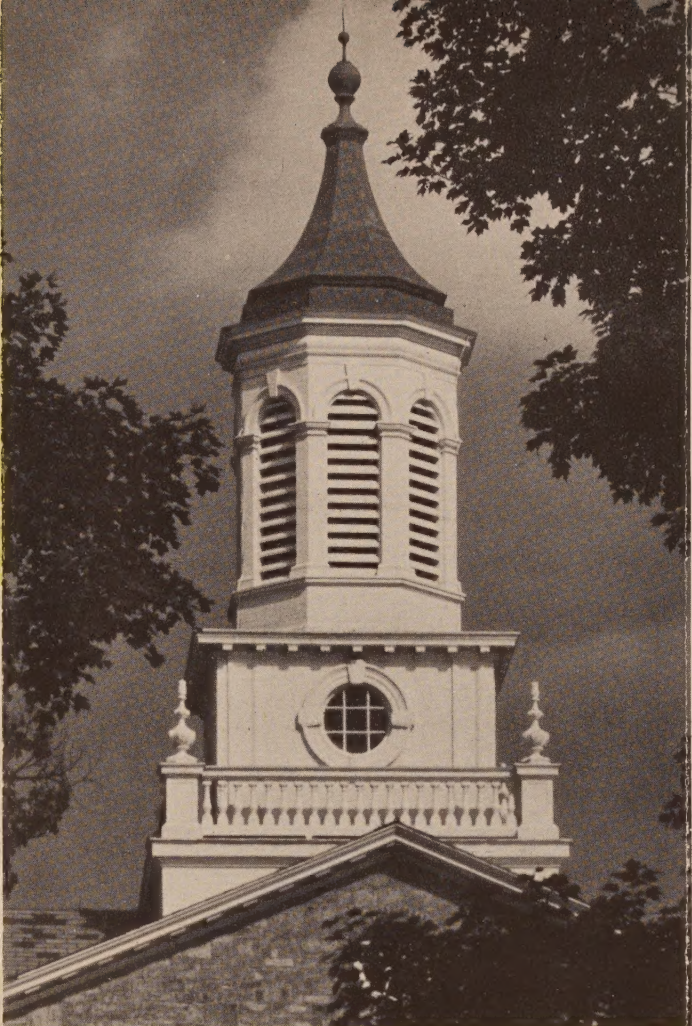


JAMES K. QUAY,
Office of Development

One-tenth of Princeton Seminary's students come from other lands. Most of these lands are predominantly non-Christian. With no need for adjustment to culture, climate and language, they return as a new type of missionary to the lands from which they came.

MAY WE SEND THE SPIRE

to you and/or your friends without charge to any address in the U.S.? Please print names and addresses clearly and send to THE SPIRE, Princeton Seminary, Princeton, N.J.



SPRING, 1962

The SPIRE

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Volume XII, No. 2

The SPIRE

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The Rev. Gerald W. Gillette
106 Stockton St.
Princeton, N. J.

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paid at
Princeton, New Jersey

53

JACKSONVILLE

“Inasmuch...”

by JOHN C. BOX, JR.

*Attorney at Law
Jacksonville, Texas*

The time, 2:15 a.m. The place, Jacksonville, Texas. The call was from Texas Highway Patrolman George McCardell. “Joe, I’ve picked up a man who has deserted his family in California. He has taken a mortgaged car across the state line and he’s got to go to jail. I can’t put his little boy in jail. What can you do?” Joe answered, “I’ll come down and get him.”

Joe went and got the boy, placed him in the home of a parishoner and eventually sent the child back to California to his mother and brothers and sisters.

“Joe, this is Archie Cook, Chief of Police. We have a destitute family living under a tree with several children and a small baby. They’ve had nothing to eat or drink but cold coffee. Can you help out in any way?”

“Of course,” Joe replied. He and the Chief of Police went out and got the family, took them to the House of Hope Mission, furnished medicine for the child, food for the family, and Joe found a job for the father in one of the local industrial plants. The father is still working energetically, has earned several raises, and is taking care of his family in good style.

The phone at the manse rings as much in the small hours of the night as it does in the middle of the day. Another call: “Hi, Joe, this is Highway Patrolman Guthrie. I’ve got an old couple on Highway 69. Their car is broken down and as far as I can see they are without money and have nothing to eat but half a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. Wonder if you could help in any way.” Again Joe answers, “I’ll send a wrecker for the car and take them to the Mission.” The car was repaired, the couple fed, and the car tank filled with enough gas to get them across the state to relatives.

Since Joe Dolman arrived in our community with his dominant, energetic, and unconventional personality, there has been a change in the attitude of the entire population toward the ill, the aged, the transient, and the destitute. We are at the junction of three main railroads and five highways, thus the flow of the penniless, the infirm, and the misfits incessantly comes and goes. It was evident that there should be an agency of deliverance, a charitable mission to aid the unfortunate within our community and for those who passed through our neighborhood. Joe accepted the challenge. With the aid of many of his friends in the community, some from the church, some not, he determined to establish a Mission to be used as a clearing house, to offer a helping hand in the name of the Master of Galilee.

With characteristic energy, interest, and the effective spiritual drive of Joe Dolman, the Mission has progressed from a mere dream to the most effective charity in the city. It is supported by contributions from several denominations and receives the largest grant awarded for charity by the local Community

Chest. As a Christmas donation, the local contribution. They reported that house-bre 35% since Joe arrived.

But this is not all. Joe is on the Founding Youth Foundation. Plans are being drawn for the young people of our community. He is a member of every denomination and likes it’s hard to counsel well,” which, at least the job. All men whether rich or poor look each situation with prayer and meditation. “God and any Christian make a majority.”

Joe’s church has had a substantial growth every Sunday morning with young people. The church has built one of the most beautiful an

A member of the Session told me that we wanted a new preacher with a new approach who was not afraid to become involved in the church. They certainly chose the right man. “Catfish Row” without a tie and to see the splendor of his church is a paradox to worshipful, and without emotionalism.

On one occasion Joe was explaining the service clubs when he was asked, “Are they worthy?” He answered, “I do not know. I am to burden tired men with listening to preaching quiet witnesses to Jesus Christ throughout preaching in the Mission by the candidate anybody’s going to preach down there, I will future, I’m not.”

Joe is a good money raiser because he has on occasion, as a member of the winning team \$190 as his share of the prize. But he never fifteen minutes he had paid \$180 to meet five dollars to his wife and kept five dollar



Police Department made a substantial breaking in the community has decreased

ing Board of Trustees of the Jacksonville n to offer many happy summer hours to e has a constant flow of counseling with es to say, "Unless you have sinned well st in his own opinion, qualifies him for ook like brothers to Joe. He approaches ion. One of his favorite expressions is, y."

owth in size and in interest. It is filled ble. Under his leadership the congrega- and inspiring sanctuaries in Texas.

when they called Joe to his church they proach towards Christianity, a dynamic olved outside of the walls and life of the t man. To see the casual preacher on he robed minister on Sunday morning in to many people. His services are quiet,

ne House of Hope Mission to one of the hese transients that come to the Mission ask them if they're hungry." He refuses eaching for a meal. There are tracts and out the Mission. He has forbidden any ates of our local Seminary and says, "If will, but as far as I can see in the near

himself is the soul of generosity. On one m in a bowling tournament, Joe received ever got home with the money. Within et a man's hospital bill, brought home ars for himself.

"Joe hits like a ton of bricks," says one man, "but somehow you can't protest. He is able to get your money and he makes you like it. He makes fun sometimes of those who are giving him money by telling them that they are being conned—conned for the glory of God—and with a wry smile he puts the money in his pocket." When a respectable citizen visits the Mission and gets a cup of coffee for a dime, Joe remarks, "That cup of coffee is likely to cost you just \$100."

I practice Civil Law as a profession. I am a Methodist by birth and conviction. For twenty-five years I have been a member of our Official Board and a teacher in the Sunday School. It is my very great privilege to serve as Chairman of the Managing Board of the House of Hope Mission founded by this energetic man who is minister of the nearby Presbyterian church. In my many years in this area I have never had better friends than Joe Dolman and his wonderful wife and children. He ought to be called the "Inasmuch Parson," for no man has ever better deserved the words, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

(Reprinted from The Spire 1953)

I've been a Christian only two years. I started out in Oklahoma as a lawyer, got mixed up in the oil business, and then in a big construction project, and I was making money.

One day when we were all set to pour concrete, a truck driver backed into the forms and smashed them. I sure was mad. I cussed him out with all the varied trimmings I knew. As he got out of the truck and came toward me, I saw he was one of the biggest men I'd ever run into. In spite of his smile, I expected a fight.

"I'm sorry I broke your forms," he said. "I'll come out and fix them on my own time. But, brother, you have just used in an unholy way the name of a Friend who is very dear to me and I want to tell you you're missing a lot out of life." He turned and left.

I was relieved, I was sorry. I was, to say the least, confused. I was more than a bit resentful of this man, with his limited education, who had upset me with his calm reaction to my abuse. This man was bigger than I was, but not only by the width of his shoulders.

Shortly after that, a lot of things combined to get the best of me. Then I gave my life to God, for whatever use He wanted to make of it.

And now, here I am, converted by a truck driver. I'm starting out at Princeton Seminary to become a minister of Christ. I find I'm mighty short on some of the vocabulary of this place; but when Dr. Cailliet talks in class about "Our living Lord," I tell you, it thrills me to the bottom of my soul.

JOE DOLMAN '55



Upper left
Rev. Joseph C. Dolman

Lower left
First Presbyterian Church,
Jacksonville, Texas

Center
Left to right: John C. Box, Jr., writer of
this article; Rev. Joseph C. Dolman; B. H.
Broiles, publisher of local paper; Mr. Fry-
singer, attendant at Mission.

Right
An award to Christian Humanitarian pre-
sented to Rev. Mr. Joseph C. Dolman by
the Jacksonville Building and Loan Asso-
ciation, 1961.



Some of Lagdao's parishioners work in the famous terraced rice fields. Carved from the mountain sides by human hands many centuries ago.

Lagdao

by Milton B. Vereide

Princeton Seminary '49



I first met him on a Sunday morning in the city church of Baguio. From the outset I was arrested by Lagdao's outgoing personality and sincerity. Through the months that followed I picked up his story.

Years before, American missionaries had penetrated the mountainous area of Northern Luzon and had converted his family from paganism. During the Japanese occupation of the Philippines the family became leaders in the guerilla warfare. When the Americans arrived, Lagdao joined the U.S. Army as a Philippine Scout.

Now he was drawn to the mountain city, after peace was declared, where work was again started in the gold mines. He was employed in the office, responsible for the hiring of men for all of the gold mines in the province and after some years was elected secretary of the labor union. He was full of enthusiasm for the task. He was being urged by his friends in his distant hometown to return as a candidate for mayor.

"What a wonderful job we might do

together," I thought, "if only I could capture his interest in village evangelism," for I was handicapped without knowledge of the dialect. Just transferred for family health reasons from the low lands miles away, I desperately needed an interpreter to put the Gospel message into the local dialect when I visited the villages along the mountain trails.

"I shall be delighted to go with you," he said eagerly when I invited him. I wondered a bit at his eagerness, for I sized him up as a young man of the world not too much interested in Christian service in the mountains. He confessed afterward that his quick response was because he liked Americans and because he looked forward to a Sunday's outing in the American's car!

Soon it became obvious that the interpreting was having a tremendous effect upon him. He would weigh the passages in his mind and frequently discuss them on the way home as we bumped along the road which clung to the face of the cliff. His reference to "your message" or "your service" soon began to be "our message" and "our service" as he became more and more identified in the Sunday ministry. I was a bit concerned when he began to talk about "our car"!

Lagdao gave more and more time to conversation with the new converts and bought books to read and courses of Bible study to prepare himself more adequately for "out" Sunday ministry. Stewardship of the *new life in Christ* became his emphasis among the converts.

When we first met he was completely immersed in the labor union movement and his political ambitions. As he grew in his love of Jesus Christ he began to talk less about the labor union and the furthering of his political future. Now our conversation enroute to the worship service was primarily about the church.

Sometimes when we left a congregation without a pastor or a strong lay-worker, he would be greatly concerned. He knew that before long I would be returning once more to the low country and there were few trained nationals ready to go into the mountains. "What will happen to these



The author with a group of mountain people. Preparing a convert for baptism.

people if no one comes to teach them?" he would ask. And we both would be heavy hearted, for we knew of no one available to be the shepherd. Lagdao began to pray that the Lord would raise up a leader.

But the Holy Spirit was working—Then came the answer to his prayer, for the Lord called Lagdao to do the job! All through the months of our work together he was unwittingly being prepared for his task!

After two years in the mountains we

returned to our low land home and for a time completely lost track of Lagdao. Then we received the pictures which accompany this story. Lagdao is now the lay-pastor of a congregation. The chapel where "we" had preached many times is now too small for the growing membership. Already their numbers have increased far more than one-half, and their choir has doubled in size.

A family man, Lagdao continues to work for the mining company eight hours a day six days a week and has his union responsibility as well. After the day's work he sometimes visits families under his ministry. On Thursday evenings he holds a service for Bible study and prayer. On Sundays after the worship service he hikes over the mountain trails around the village to visit the members of his scattered congregation and often holds services in their homes.

God used the inability of the missionary to prepare a Filipino for the ministry!

Nine out of ten churches in the Philip-



The choir of a mountain church.

ippines cannot adequately support a full-time pastor. Committed laymen like Lagdao who work in the mine or the rice field throughout the week are being trained today to proclaim the Word of God to the people of the villages who gather on Sundays for worship.

Lagdao no longer stands waiting to interpret the missionary's message. He interprets directly from his own heart the Word of God as he stands before the open Bible in the mountain chapel.



SUMMER 1962

The SPIRE

PUBLISHED BY PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Volume XII No. 3

PEDRO of BARLOVENTO

"What do you have there, Fidelito? Who gave you that little book?" Pedro, tall, black, lean and muscular, reached down to his small brother, to examine the pamphlet with which the youngster was playing.

"My uncle gave it to me," said the boy as he handed the soiled printed matter to his older brother.

"This is good," Pedro said as he saw the title was the Gospel of St. Matthew. The material was familiar to Pedro. Did he not celebrate the fiestas of the Christmas season every year with his friends? Did he not drink and dance and sing all night from house to house in his tiny village? Were not their songs about El Nino Jesus, whose story was told in the little booklet?

As he read, however, Pedro noticed a certain restraint in the words of the Gospel. This treatment of the theme was not a light matter, full of jest and vulgarity. "This is very different," he thought. He read slowly, for despite his size and his age, he was still a beginner. "Why have I never known about this?" he asked himself. In the following days he read again and again the words of the little book.

Pedro had a good friend, old Nicomedes. Sometimes on Sundays the fellows in the neighborhood would gather in his cottage to converse. When the talk turned to politics or religion old Nicomedes would bring out his big book called La Biblia. Opening at random, he would demand attention while he read in authoritative tones. Although the words of the brief portion may have had no bearing on the subject, Nicomedes would close the discussion with the same procedure. "Now, you see what this book says. This is the truth. No one knows more than the Bible."

Pedro induced Nicomedes to lend him the treasured book. In turning the pages of the mysterious volume, Pedro came upon the Ten Commandments. He read them over and over. "These are the words of God. I am a sinful man. God's laws condemn me," he concluded. Pedro, respecting the

wisdom of Nicomedes, questioned the older man about the book, about the law of God and the plight of man in the world. Between them they came to the conclusion that there must be some relationship between Pedro's gospel, Nicomedes' Bible and the teachings of the evangelicos forbidden by the priests in the town churches.

"One of those evangelicos in the town of Rio Chico has a carpenter shop in the patio of the store on the main street," said Nicomedes. "He will be able to answer your questions."

"Buenos dias, Senor," Pedro began, as he entered the carpenter shop. "I am told that you are an evangelical and that you can explain the Bible to me." The carpenter picked up his Bible, and sat down with Pedro. At once there was confidence and understanding between the tall, black youth and the kindly, old carpenter. Pedro tarried a long time, listening to the simple explanation of the love of God, the sacrifice of Christ, and the possibility of pardon. "Come back on Sunday morning," the carpenter said. "We can have a service here in the shop."

Pedro expected to find a group of people when he returned on Sunday. But the congregation in the shop consisted of two persons, Pedro and the carpenter. Nevertheless, in the methodic way characteristic of this humble servant of God, the carpenter conducted a full service for Pedro. "We are going to have a visit from a Caracas pastor," he told Pedro, "and every night next week he is going to preach here in the carpenter shop. Come and bring the members of your family."

His mother and his adult brother and sister were indifferent to Pedro's new interest, but because of his insistence they walked with him the ten miles to town. The preacher was Senor Alfonso Lloredo (Princeton Seminary '47). His message was simple, sincere, and the people who came with him sang the evangelical melodies in a very moving fashion. Never had Senora Petra, the mother of

these young people, heard such wonderful words put to music. Before the end of the week they joined Pedro, making a public profession of faith in Christ, in the presence of the grinning, mocking town-people. For them the endless journey had begun. The weary walk home, the danger of snakes along the dark path, the wading of the river, were of no consequence as they thought over the step they had taken.

Pedro soon became the carpenter's right hand man. Together they studied the Scriptures. They could be seen together, Bible in hand, visiting the communities throughout Barlovento. It seemed as though Pedro had a relative or friend in every village. The congregation began to grow. Old Nicomedes and his senora confessed their faith, and became pillars in the founding of the first evangelical church in Barlovento.

An old and painful tropical leg ulcer began to trouble Pedro. "This is the punishment of God," his neighbors insisted, "for your becoming an evangelical."

Ultimately he went to the hospital in Caracas. When the sisters of charity came through the hospital regimenting everyone with, "All out for confession in the chapel," Pedro replied, "I have already confessed my sins. Every day I confess. Every day I am pardoned."

"What do you mean?" they asked. "You did not call the priest here."

"No," Pedro replied, "I need not go to one for confession. The Bible says, 'There is one God and one Mediator.'"

When they found him boldly reading his Bible alone or to someone else, they said, "Put away that book. You are an ignorant man. Only the men of God, the holy fathers are permitted to read in that book."

But Pedro was not to be intimidated. For as long as he remained, with Bible in hand, he continued to bear witness to his newly found Lord.

When dismissed from the hospital, he returned to his community, his farm and his machete. When the

LOVENTO

members of his own family demurred with him over the time he was giving to personal evangelism, Pedro replied, "Before I was a believer, did I not give much time to carousing with my friends by night and day? Can I give the Kingdom of God less of my time than I gave to the world?"

Largely due to Pedro's faithful testimony, the little church grew rapidly. Soon it was organized. The carpenter became an ordained minister. Pedro was elected an elder. He visited youth conferences, Presbytery meetings, and training institutes to deepen his knowledge of the Bible. He began to teach Sunday school. The pastor's work often took him to other villages, and Pedro became the volunteer minister.

But once more the leg ailment caught up with him. A brother missionary, Robert Seel (Princeton Seminary '48) took him into his home. Then came hospitalization and the amputation of the leg, and Pedro faced life in his primitive neighborhood on a crutch.

Now his field for witnessing was definitely narrowed. There was the river to cross, the canoe to be mastered, and, worst of all, there was the soft mud and clay in the rainy season which made travel with the crutch exceedingly difficult. But never did he allow his limitation to make him a mere observer in the great struggle. In season and out of season he pursued his passion to witness for Christ.

Then dramatically, there came an end to his witness bearing. From a slight cut with his machete he developed tetanus and before long this valiant soldier for Christ laid down his crutch and his Bible for the last time.

But forces were started by Pedro that will go marching on. The little church in which Pedro served so faithfully still proclaims its witness throughout the backward district of Barlovento. Many a simple man and woman throughout the countryside can testify to the joy of the new birth because this humble friend and neighbor of theirs was faithful to his Lord.



Upper left: Pedro of Barlovento. **Upper right:** Pedro preparing his message. Pedro learned to read as a grown man. **Top center:** reading the Bible to his mother and sister in their simple home. **Lower left:** Pedro received his training in the Bible Institute in South Miranda. **Lower right:** laboriously making his rounds with his crutch over rough and muddy road. **Bottom:** the rural chapel in Barlovento, built by Pedro's friend, the carpenter.

Students in Princeton Seminary come from 227 colleges and universities. Their homes are in 38 states and 24 countries.

GOSHEN HOLE

BY GRIFFITH C. MATTHEWS '60
National Missions, Wyoming



"Cheyenne, the end of the world!" So drawled the conductor as the Union Pacific's City of San Francisco rolled smoothly to a stop under the train shed at 8:20 A.M. on a cold March morning in 1960.

A tired Princeton Seminary Senior agreed with the conductor having just spent the long night watching hundreds of miles of snow covered fields and sand hills slide by the window of the coach. Alighting from the train the candidate was met by two tall elders from the Veteran Community Presbyterian Church and together they drove the 65 miles northward from Cheyenne to the Goshen Hole country. Seeing this mile-high prairie stretching from horizon to horizon, I wondered what Ann and the children would say if I brought them here to live. The green grass and foliage of the Princeton Seminary campus is a world away from Hawk Springs and Veteran, Wyoming. The wonderful thing is that we really felt the call of God to come and minister in this wide country. And so we left Princeton at 6:00 A.M. on the morning after graduation in June of 1960 to come to this National Missions field.

The Goshen Hole is a huge saucer-like depression sunk 800 feet below the rest of the prairie. Into this more sheltered grassland, the Cheyenne and Sioux Indians used to come following the wintering buffalo. One of their hunting tricks was to run buffalo off the rim rocks into the canyons.

Ft. Laramie, the most famous of all the frontier posts, is located in the north western corner of the Goshen Hole along the Laramie River near where it joins the North Platte. Beside the Platte can still be found the deep ruts cut by the wheels of the westward bound wagons traveling the Oregon Trail. The pioneers stopped at Ft. Laramie to rest their stock and buy provisions. Some paused to write their epitaphs on Register Cliff at Guernsey and then passed on westward.

The most symbolic evidence of past life in the rugged Goshen Hole is the abandoned windowless homestead shack still standing on the plains. Near the shack are pieces of farm machinery, a broken windmill tower, and the inevitable skeleton of a model "T" Ford. Forty years ago a man came out to this homestead and sank his money and hopes into an effort to build a farm and a life. But the winds blew and the hail cut down the wheat and the homesteader watched his hopes dry up. One of his tougher neighbors gave him \$2.00 an acre, and the homesteader left. Only the strong and the determined have survived in the cruel and hard land. Today, the wheat farmer strip-farms 1500 acres growing premium-high protein wheat.

Alfred Barkmans came to Wyoming with his parents in 1916. They lived in a tent until a house could be built. The cost of drilling a well almost ruined the homesteaders. Later Alfred married Erma Smith, a school teacher from Nebraska. Together they tried to raise wheat on a rented farm. Each fall for ten years Alfred planted wheat, but the wind blew it away or covered it with fine dust. Each year during the drought and depression Alfred asked for God's help, and then went to work as a carpenter to earn enough money to plant another crop. The drought ended and the Barkmans have survived. Alfred is Clerk of the Session. They have raised five

Christian children and provided them with college educations. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barkmans teach in the Church School. They visit their students when they are ill and Alfred takes his young people fishing at trout-filled Glendo Dam in the summer. They are indeed the salt of the earth.

Stanton Hubbs is a flying farmer as well as a church school teacher at Hawk Springs. Stanton uses his plane to hunt the coyotes which plague the local ranchers. One muggy afternoon when I was going to visit a sick parishioner, I slid my car off the sloppy road into the deep mud of the ditch. I started across the wheat stubble strips for the Hubb's farm. Stanton's wife, Phyllis, answered the door with news that Stanton was off on a flying trip to Denver. She said, "Come on, I think we can start one of the tractors ourselves." Donning coveralls we went out to the giant Case diesel tractor parked in the yard. "Do you know how to uncouple the plow?" asked Phyllis. "No, but I'll learn," I replied tugging at the hydraulic couplings. Phyllis found a tow chain and a can of ether in the tool shed. "You try to start it while I hold this ether under its nose," said Phyllis. Amazingly the tractor roared to life on the first try. "I'll climb up and hold on behind you; you drive." She was halfway up on the tractor when I found the clutch and the tractor lurched forward leaving Phyllis hanging by one arm from the fender. "Are you O.K.? I'm sorry," I gasped. She answered weakly, "I'll live," as she climbed back onto the tractor. We drove to the car and pulled it easily back onto the muddy road. Once the tractor was safely back where it belonged, Phyllis looked at me and said, "Well, that wasn't too bad for a couple of city slickers, was it?"

Of the six preachers serving eight Presbyterian churches in an area of over 700 square miles, three are Princeton Seminary men: Dr. David R. Stewart '25, Robert Finertie '60, and myself. Every month we have a united church school institute, retreats and rallies for youth. This year we had a training retreat for church officers. The ministers meet regularly for study, planning, and prayer. We take turns in calling at the Goshen Coun-

Top: Stanton Hubbs, the "flying farmer" and his Sunday school class. Center left: the end of the fight for the farmer who couldn't stick it out. Lower left: the little white church in readiness for the Sunday morning congregation. The manse is to the left. Lower right: Author Griffith Matthews and his son visit a parishioner who has won the fight against the wind.

THE SPIRE

The picture on the cover of "The Spire" shows the Spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by our students at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1847.

Princeton Theological Seminary is one of the seven Seminaries of the United Presbyterian Church in S.A. It is not organically related to Princeton University but is under its control in the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

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THE SPIRE

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Princeton, New Jersey

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ty Hospital. This hospital ministry has brought contact and spiritual strength to sick and lonely persons many of whom must remain alone in the hospital far from their ranch homes. The simple, "Thank you for your prayer," is ample return for a pastor who has driven many miles to call on these people.

The caravan of the Princeton Seminary Choir reached us in a cloud of dust in June of 1961. One of the boys said to me "What ever made you come to this barren country? Why, there is nothing here!" How wrong he was! There are people here who are hungry for God, who need the gospel of Christ and the ministry of the church. This is why Ann and I and our four youngsters have made it our home. There is a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of these plains and a depth of appreciation in the hearts of these wonderful people which can be matched in very few congregations throughout America.

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By C. Peter Wagner, Th.M.

Princeton Seminary '62,

Missionary Baptist Bolivian-Indian Mission

The Boy from Bolivia's "Green Hell"



Bill Pencille and Comai

Comai was lucky to be alive the second day. His mother, like all her friends and relatives, would have thought nothing of burying him alive within an hour after he was born.

Lucky? Well, that's one way of putting it. Christians perhaps would prefer to acknowledge the providence of God, who had called Comai, like the Apostle Paul, from his mother's womb.

Comai's mother was an Ayoreo squaw, a member of that large tribe of fierce nomadic Indians which had been wandering through the dry brush lands of Bolivia's "Green Hell" since who knows when. Pervading the life of this clan was a constant and demoralizing fear — fear of hostile Indians, fear of a food shortage, fear of sickness and old age, fear of civilization, and fear of the bird-god whose weird nocturnal call could send shocks of terror down the spine of even the most stalwart brave.

Fear made the mothers bury babies as a matter of routine. Too many hungry mouths could complicate the delicate problem of feeding the group.

Fear caused the Ayoreo warriors to murder six missionaries as well as uncounted numbers of Bolivians. Simply out of a misguided effort at self-defense did the savages split the skulls of five American missionary explorers in 1943 and shove a lance into a German minister in 1958.

Comai was but a boy when other missionaries at long last were able to make a peaceful contact with the Ayoreos. At first he was deadly afraid of these newcomers — all white and hairy. But he stuck close to them because a bigger boy had whispered that the Ayoreo captains were planning to kill them and he didn't want to miss the show.

However love eventually conquered

fear and the new missionaries were not killed. Little Comai was especially drawn to one named Bill, and when Bill asked the Indian lad to come to live in his house he jumped at the opportunity.

Here Comai learned why Bill Pencille and other white men had risked their lives to make friends with the Ayoreos. He heard and understood that God had sent Jesus Christ into the world to redeem a boy named Comai from sin and fear — even fear of the demon-bird that haunted the night shadows. He became one of the first Ayoreo Christians.

From the outset Comai wanted to serve the God he had learned to love. Bright and quick to learn, he soon became the chief Ayoreo informant for the difficult task of reducing the language to writing. For several years Comai and Bill Pencille worked side by side in producing an Ayoreo grammar, a dictionary, some primers, and a good bit of the New Testament.

When Comai became a husky adolescent he succumbed to the lusts of the flesh and for quite a while was away from the Lord. But he, like David, learned that the rewards of sin were scanty. One day he came to Bill and said, "Do you think there is still anything I can do for the Lord?" There was, for Bill was equipping an expedition to explore the treacherous "Chaco" land to the south in search of the second half of the Ayoreo tribe, 1500 bloodthirsty savages who were mortal enemies of Comai's northern group.

Bill's challenge came to Comai like a lightning bolt: "Will you help us look for the Guidai Gosoode?" The word "Guidai Gosoode" was synonymous with hate and terror to the lad, and his decision did not come easily. But he decided to serve God by going.

For weeks the small missionary band searched the Chaco badlands in vain. Finally Comai and another Indian helper found signs that the Guidai Gosoode were up ahead. Each step down the faint trail brought them nearer to possible death. Soon they heard voices and spotted the naked bodies through the trees. This was it! This would be their last chance to flee for their lives, and the decision was Comai's. His resolve to serve God flashed through his mind, and he stepped out into a small clearing and shouted, "We're friends!"

In an instant the two were surrounded by warriors bristling with arrows and lances. The women and children melted into the underbrush. "Identify yourself!" someone shouted.

"Our mission is one of peace. We want nothing but your friendship."

"Friendship, bah! If you want to be our friends get rid of that gun you have your hand on."

"Sorry," Comai said, "there are many of you and only two of us — this gun is the equalizer. Give us a chance to talk."

Comai began to explain the purpose of their trip to the surprised savages. By the time Bill arrived on the scene shortly afterward a good bit of the initial suspicion had worn off, and they convinced ten of the Guidai Gosoode young men to accompany them back to camp. Arriving at dusk, they sat around the fire chatting Ayoreo style. No one slept that night as Comai told the fascinated newcomers the entire Bible story from the creation to the crucifixion. "Only by trusting in Jesus Christ can you be free from the power of the demon-bird," he concluded.

The power of God has caused many Ayoreos to turn their backs on pagan superstition and to enter Christ's kingdom of peace and light.



Left,
Comai with two of the
Guidai Gosoode braves



Center,
Ayoreo children



Right,
An Ayoreo Family

Quonset meeting house at Anderson's, attendance at worship service 15; at Healy 5; at Suntrana 7; at Summit 3; at McKinley Park 17; at Clear 25. Bible school attendance is larger.

Rail-belt Diary

Glennwood E. Cronin, Princeton Seminary '61
United Presbyterian Board of National Missions, Alaska.



FRIDAY, MIDNIGHT
The other evening while walking back from the coal mines, I stopped to see E --- who lives by himself in his little cabin built around a tree, the trunk of which can be seen from the inside. He was just cooking up a concoction of his own and asked me to join him. So we sat, I on an overturned pail and he on a box, and we ate by the light of his kerosene lantern, and talked.

The only faith he had ever seriously considered was Roman Catholicism, because following a severe battle in the second World War only twelve men of one unit remained alive and all had Roman Catholic medals hanging about their necks. Then we talked about a faith based upon One Man who died. "Oh, Jesus Christ may have been a great guy all right, he just ain't all that he's cracked up to be."

Then to see the B - - - family who just lost a six months old girl because of dehydration. They were unable to get her into town in time. Though they admit the heartache of the loss, they are able to say, "If Christ wanted her, then nothing in the world would have kept her here; if Christ wanted us to have her, then nothing could have taken her away." May the living witness of those who believe permeate the hearts of those who reject.

TUESDAY, 2:30 a.m.
The people are getting more and more tense because of this cold spell. For three weeks the temperature has not been above minus 60, today it is minus 75. The darkness adds to the tension. We have already had two months of near total darkness, and another two months must pass before the sun will again be seen above the mountain's ridge. Now we



Rail-belt Parish goes through this range of Alaskan mountains.

move about in waning twilight or by the light of the moon on the sea of snow.

I am glad we called off our worship service last night for it gave me the opportunity of another service. The water pipes were frozen under the schoolhouse. Four men came by turns to work on the job. Because I was free, I stayed all the time and had a chance to talk with each of them. We had to dig down in the frozen earth to reach the pipes, chipping away at the ground with hammer and chisel — eight hours of work to go down one foot; almost as hard as the hearts of some men! Oh, they quiet their consciences all right by belief in a nebulous supernatural something or other. One of them said, "What you say about Jesus is too far fetched, really too good to be true. But let's talk again soon. How about eating with us the next time you are in the area?" "Two weeks from tonight?" "Fine, I'll tell the missus." So, O Lord I leave them in your hands. May the Spirit begin a work even now preparing the way for Thy salvation.

FRIDAY, 3:15 a.m.

Does too much beer cause men to speak a clearer truth or a fuzzier hypocrisy? Strange how in the lower forty-eight states, with all their "back to the church" movement and popular religion, seldom do the people talk about Christ. They talk about the church and its various activities but the living Christ and what He is doing is seldom mentioned in daily conversation. People there don't say too much for fear they may disclose their ignorance or say the wrong thing, whereas up here people are not afraid to say the "wrong thing." Also in the states many are church members who cannot say why, whereas here most of them are not church members, but they can and will tell you explicitly why not. Because of their frankness, you are soon talking about the Christ who is the offense, the Christ whom they reject. Though it breaks one's heart to see so many reject Him, at least it is refreshing to have such outspoken honesty.

Well, this reflection was inspired by a conversation that took place tonight in the bar. I had just gotten in from my five mile hike from the coal mines about 1:00 a.m. It was minus 45 and my parka and scarf were covered with frost from my breath. Bill asked, "What in hell's name are you doing out at this hour on a night like this?" I said, "It is in Christ's name that I am out on a night like this." Then began our dialogue of what it means to submit to Christ and why. The Lord seems to be using me with some of these men. When they drink I join them with a coke which intrigues them enough to accept me as I am and to talk about this Person for whose sake I move about at strange times and in strange places. O God, keep me from ever being content with, "nice guy" friendliness in my conversations and make me ever aware of the purpose for which Thou hast brought me to this place.

MONDAY, 10:30 p.m.
The young brakeman in this bouncing caboose exclaims, "Why should I be wasting my life in riding this freight through the night?" He listened with surprise as I told him that God had a purpose for his life. Then there is J--, the intellectual. He holds a master's degree in literature and last year was a teaching fellow in the University of Alaska. He was impressed, almost startled, to hear that God has a plan for our lives and that a Christian has resources greater than his own in following the plan. E--, the flier, was awed to

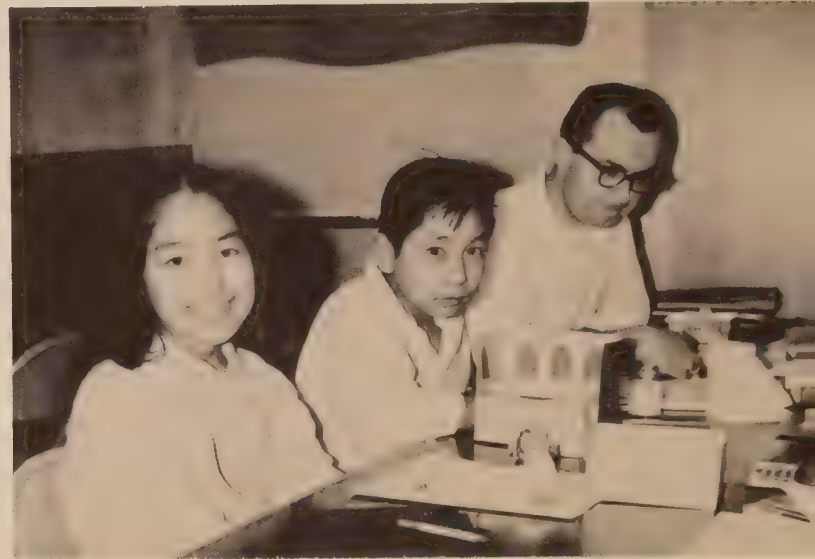


One of my little Bible School friends. We play games together, and he sees me off on my plane trips.

I meet with my little Esquimo Friends, Viola and Sam. Viola wants to be a foreign missionary nurse and Sam a missionary pilot in Africa.



Preparing plane for hop from Clear to Summit. Weekly Rail-belt circuit covers 100 miles which I do by plane, freight train and on foot.



quietness one night after seeing the film, "Mid-century Martyrs." Then I gave him, "Jungle Pilot" to read, and we talked about how God may want his flying ability to be used in His work. How alike are the hearts of men — brakeman, college intellectual, flier, all restless and vague about life, yet so completely self-sufficient and independent, so perfectly able to get along without anyone's help, much less God's help. I guess Alaska is a spawning ground for this breed of men. Yet, for all their strength, charm and vitality, they are outside of Christ. O God, melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.

THURSDAY, MIDNIGHT

O Master, my Companion, how I thank Thee for this day! The majestic serenity of Thy mountains are but the work of Thy fingers. Letters to me from outside offer comfort; if they but knew they would not pity, they would envy. I am sure they would advise some other means of travel than by foot as I walk these eleven miles along the river

canyon. Yet, these are the only miles that I have to be alone with Thee. I sit on the slope of the snow-covered mountain looking down on the jade green river as it winds through the valley. On the other side, the hill is spotted with Dall sheep; moose and caribou roam the valley below. Lynx cross my path and, last fall, a black bear. It is here that I walk with the Master alone; it is here that I offer my confession; it is here that I take out my Bible and read aloud to all who may care to listen to the words of truth. The game in this lonely valley are the first to hear my next week's sermon. Within the canyon comes the transformation and the grace that is sufficient for my every need. So the whole Rail-Belt ministry is little more than a walk through the Psalms preaching the Gospel. O Master, I thank Thee for the privilege of this ministry. Tomorrow's freight will be in at an early 3:30 a.m., so I must say good night. May Thy Holy Spirit bless and comfort those at home.



SPRING, 1963

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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SPIRE

The picture on the cover of *The Spire* depicts the
Spire, Albany Hall, first occupied by the students
of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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LEFT: The Juvenile Court Center for ("The Twenty-Twenty Club") Cincinnati, Ohio, will house over 4,000 young people in trouble this year.

BELOW: A conference with a boy in the chaplain's office, to give him the sense of someone's willingness to struggle with his problems as he sees them.



THE TWENTY-TWENTY CLUB

by JOHN INGLIS

Princeton Seminary '56

Representing the Council of Churches of Greater Cincinnati
Chaplain to the Juvenile Court

How do you explain to a dirty twelve year old boy, as the tears streak his tired face that his mother does not want to see him? She had thrown him out of the house four days before with threats of a beating if he returned. How do you explain to a fifteen year old girl the love of God the Father, when her "preacher" father who sermonizes on God's love beats her with a belt and buckie? These are the sort of questions that haunt a Juvenile Court Chaplain every day. The answers come hard, for it is difficult to get many of these young people to believe that anyone really cares about them. How often a child will say to me, "Please go into the Court room with me—I want someone on my side."

"What is that thing you are wearing around your neck?" asked a twelve year old redhead, looking curiously at my clerical collar. "I am a minister," I said, "not a probation officer or a policeman."

"What is a minister?" he asked. I told him that ministers are people who tell others of God's love for them. "Ministers are found in churches; you know, those buildings with the tall steeples."

"Oh yes," he said, "I used to pass

one on the way to school."

While 25% of the children who pass through the Cincinnati Juvenile Court claim to be regular in church attendance, less than 10% of them can give the name of the church or clergyman, and well over 50% state in a matter-of-fact way that they never go to church.

Constantly faced with the lack of meaning and the sense of direction in the lives of these children, one is often desperate for some way to convince them that God's love really belongs to them. Although she would not look me in the eye when I talked with her, I could see that she was an attractive girl. With her face turned to the wall she said, "Ministers don't lie." "Do you believe that I am a minister?" I asked her. "Yes," she said. Then I said, "I don't lie, do I?" "No," she said. "I love you as a child of God," I said, "just as God loves you, and there is nothing you can do to change my feeling for you." The next two nights she tore up her mattress to prove she was no good—even to God.

Well, this is my parish, over 4,000 of them a year who pass through our Juvenile Court and whom I seek to

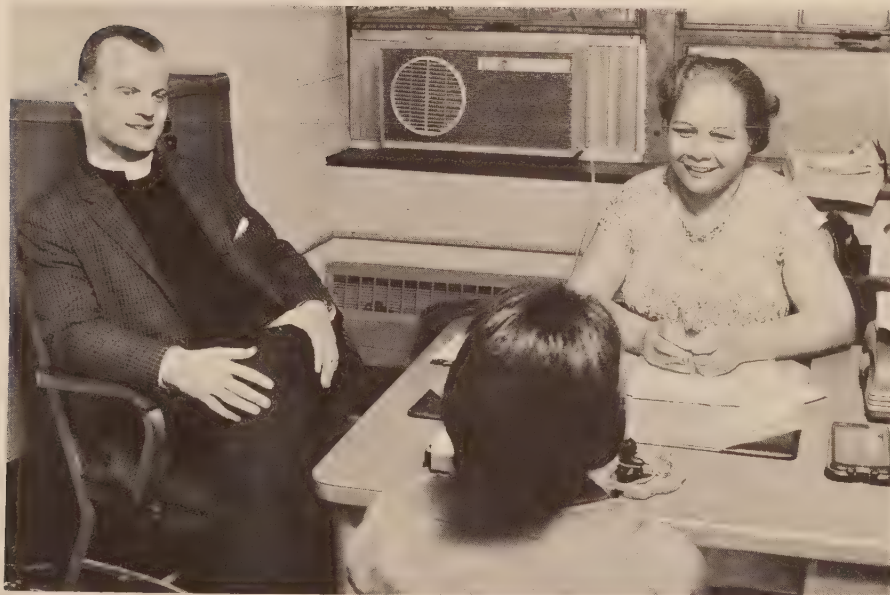
reach. Many of these juvenile offenders are "one timers" and I do not get to know them very well. The average stay in "The Twenty-Twenty Club" (the address of our detention center) is four to six days, while many are out in less than twenty-four hours. How can a man be an effective and helpful pastor to such a flock? How can he make use of a few fleeting moments to plant the living Word of God in a child's heart?

Victims of heartlessness and cruelty, utter strangers to love from either God or man, driven to vandalism and juvenile delinquency in their resentment against society which they feel neither understands nor cares—these are the bruised and battered bits of humanity that make up the "parish" of the Juvenile Court Chaplain.

There are, of course, the Christian Education classes that are conducted weekly. The handicaps of communication are terrific. Practically none of these young people has any religious background with which to begin; so many of them are below normal mentally, many are two years or more behind children of their own age in skill subjects.



ABOVE: One of the four services conducted each Sunday for youthful offenders and some of the psychiatric patients in Hamilton County. Eight religious education classes supplement the formal worship. RIGHT: Informal chats in units often bring more down-to-earth results than Christian Education classes, or other periods of instruction. BELOW: Each child in detention is given a hearing as soon as possible. Often the chaplain is asked to sit in with the intake officer of the Court, such as Mrs. Claudia Shepherd.



Their attention span is often desperately short. Audio-visual aids are used extensively, but it is difficult to get material that is sufficiently simple for them to understand and pride forbids them to admit their deficiency.

Then there are the "bull sessions" when the chaplain will meet with a circle of boys or girls where the tragic problems and haunting questions of their youthful souls are brought to the surface and discussed with kindly understanding.

Of course, if there were only enough hours in the day, the chaplain could talk with these boys and girls one by one, and in one or more unhurried hours could make them see, not only that he understands their problems, but that he personally shares their burdens.

But by far the most effective means of helping these boys and girls who have been robbed of the ministry of love, is to be found in the quiet unhurried transforming influence of a Christian home. Thank God for the dedicated churches and individuals that respond to our appeals for help and that really care and really try. Work of this kind is the acid test of genuineness on the part of the would-be helper. Without utter commitment and self-forgetful love, their efforts are always bound to be destructive rather than useful, for the sensitive and wounded child can always detect the lack of love in help given merely out of a sense of "Christian duty."

"Why, you didn't even call," is the classic protest of my wife when unannounced I bring in a fresh boy or girl, bag and baggage. Suddenly and without explanation these unexpected guests with their unexpected problems are plunged into the normal confusion of a minister's home. Often the results are truly miraculous. One girl considered our house as her palace. A probation officer from the court, after one of her girls had lived under the "therapy" of two small boys, aged 4 and 6, could not believe the change.

She is an utterly different girl. This fifteen year old girl had come out of her shell when confronted by two little boys who would not let her alone, and who remembered her in their prayers. This same girl was to say later, "You are the only people who care what happens to me." Many of these "juvenile delinquents" will never know of God's love unless we of the Church of Jesus Christ are willing to share with them the love we ourselves have received in Christ, and which finds its finest expression within the happy circle of our family.



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AT
WORK
WITH



LE GRAND DOCTEUR

by The Reverend JOEL MATTISON, M.D.
Staff, Hopital du Docteur Schweitzer, Lambarene, Gabon
Princeton Seminary, 1954

The hot damp stillness of the jungle night was broken by the majestic harmony of the classic hymn, "How Brightly Shines the Morning Star." The man at the ancient peeling piano sat with his gray head bent intently over the snagged-toothed keyboard, eyes closed, his feet instinctively half-groping for the organ pedals which had never been there. When the hymn was finished, he rose, returned to his seat at the cleared white-clothed supper table, and began to read a passage from the Bible by the warm yellow glow of the two kerosene lamps. Next, he turned to the Lord's Prayer. He then made a few comments on the passage which he had read, and with this the evening meal was ended. He rose from the table, donned his crumpled brown felt hat, and walked out into the darkness of the African night. Albert Schweitzer had finished another day at Lambarene—or perhaps it is more correct to say that he had begun the work of another night.

Fifty years ago this spring, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, then thirty-eight years of age, arrived in Lambarene to set up his jungle hospital on the Ogoou River fifty miles south of the equator. Today this hospital, manned by five doctors and a handful of nurses, has grown to a capacity of some 550 beds (excluding non-resident patients) with additional provision for some 170 lepers in an adjoining village built with the funds from the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize.

The hospital is a controversial one, openly criticized in Africa and abroad. Rather than to recount the classical criticisms or to make a defense against them, it seems more worthwhile to mention briefly some of the underlying aspects of the philosophy of the hospital.

It is the intention of Albert Schweitzer (known locally as "le Grand Docteur") to maintain a hospital

as nearly as possible like the villages from which his patients come. To this end he has kept the architecture, scenery, and machinery of the hospital as uncomplicated as possible. The man who comes to the hospital from Amanengone or Moussamoukougou can live very much as he would at home; his wife can sleep near or under his hospital bed, helping to care for him and cooking for him the same foods and in the same manner as at home. This approach has been successful; the hospital continues to grow, and many patients must pass other hospitals enroute to this one.

And so they come—the very old and feeble . . . the very young (and even the newborn) . . . the expectant soon-to-deliver mother . . . the man with the spot on his skin of which he wonders, Is it? (leprosy) . . . those who fear that they have been poisoned or bewitched . . . cancer—early and late . . . the mentally ill . . . the man with the hernia so large that he can hardly walk with it . . . another with the enormous bulging legs of elephantiasis . . . those injured in lumbering accidents . . . those with venereal infections . . . malaria . . . intestinal parasites . . . amoebic dysentery . . . intestinal obstruction for emergency surgery . . . All of them come, and many more.

But there are so many hospitals in the Gabon Republic; why have these particular patients come to Lambarene? A visitor was recently walking on one of the several converging jungle paths near the hospital and encountered a man whose wife's burden of luggage announced almost unmistakably that they were hospital bound. "Where are you going?" the visitor asked. "To le Grand Docteur," was the reply. "Why?" asked the visitor, "Why do you go there instead of somewhere else?" "Because at the other hospitals they treat you, but at le Grand Docteur's they make you well."



ABOVE:

Sunday church service in the hospital main street. In attendance are patients, relatives, chickens, ducks and goats. The service is in French, translated into Fang. The speaker can often tell from the increased volume, gesticulations, and editorializing of the interpreter where his own thoughts or expressions were judged to be a little weak.



RIGHT AND BELOW:

New arrivals. Patients come from great distances and often must remain a long time. They bring their belongings, and usually the entire family. This enables the hospital to operate with a comparatively small permanent staff.



LEFT:

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, now 88, works at his desk in the hospital daily including Sundays.

BELOW:

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." These words of Jesus are inscribed on one of the supporting posts of the hospital. The handwriting is Dr. Schweitzer's.

CENTER RIGHT:

Mendoume gets his weekly check-up. "Merci, docteur. Thank you! Thank you, doctor . . ." As I walked out of ear-shot, Mendoume was still shouting his appreciation. It was not because of his treatment, nor was it the pair of glasses. Instead, the outburst was over a second-hand spectacle case, given as an afterthought. One can never correctly judge the needs of another by one's own standards.





TOP LEFT: And children, as in any hospital, lots of them. The mother of these twins considers them to be good luck rather than a bad omen.

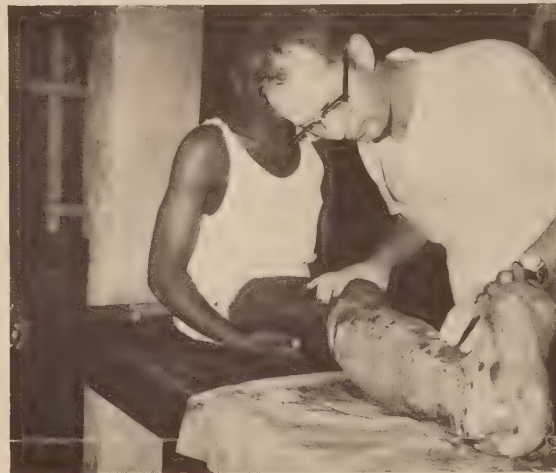
LEFT: Galoa tribal dance mask. Carved in the hospital leper village by a fingerless artisan.

BOTTOM LEFT: Ministers' wives are called upon to play many roles. Originally a school teacher, Jean Mattison learned laboratory techniques at Duke as preparation for coming to Lambarene.

BELOW RIGHT: Dr. Mattison examines a new patient. This one, like many others, has come only after his disease (elephantiasis) was far advanced.

BOTTOM RIGHT:

Mama sans nom. A pigmy, now fifteen years at the hospital; where she comes from, nobody knows. She speaks a language understood by none and understands no one else. Yet she is happy and even a mischief-maker, and a notorious collector of all that strikes her fancy. She always refuses to sleep inside.



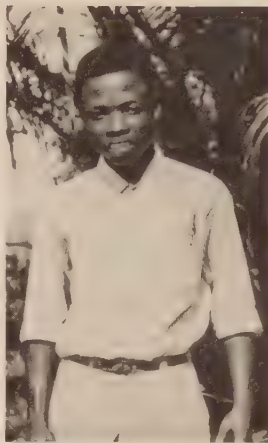
Peace in the Congo



By PETER FALK
Princeton Seminary—Th.M. '63
Congo Inland Mission
Mennonite



Kimavu and his family.



Katembo

Teacher-evangelists. In founding the Congo church, some 600 of them are now at work.



I was a lone traveler lost in the gathering darkness. Down the path were figures silhouetted against the sky. I hurried toward them, but when I reached the spot, they had disappeared. I called out to the next group, but they too had disappeared when I arrived. Time after time this happened. I had been long enough in the Congo to know the reason. It was fear — fear of their fellow men who were not of their clan, fear of the spirits of their ancestors, fear of witchcraft and magic, fear of the darkness of the night. Now as I write this, only a few years later, a wonderful change is taking place. Many faces once marked by terror are now radiant with joy, for the peace of Christ has come upon them.

* * * *

"Kimavu," I said, "when did the fear of the evil spirits leave your heart?" "I heard a wonderful song," he said, 'On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand,' and I put my trust in him." Kimavu began to tell his friends and neighbors about his new found joy. Now there is a little church in his village. Kimavu is the pastor, and other faces are radiant with the peace that Christ can bring.

In 1960 Kibangoism swept through the Leopoldville Province. It presented Kibango as the black Saviour for Africa. At the risk of his life Kimavu stood firm against the false cult. "I will not permit my people to be led astray," he said. He went to other villages with his message. "Christ is man's only Saviour," he maintained. The villagers brought a charge of witchcraft against one of their fellow men and determined to take his life. Kimavu faced them down and demanded evidence for the charge and the man's life was saved.

Then came a greater menace than witchcraft as communistic doctrines filled the minds of men. Christians feared for the future of the Congo church. "My wife and I have made our decision," said Kimavu, "should religious freedom be prohibited, we will die as martyrs rather than deny our Lord."

* * * *

Muvunji, an illiterate peasant from a backwoods village, came to work at the palm oil factory. A handful of Christians in

Service in one of the new churches. The choir behind the speaker are children from the Sunday School.



the workmen's camp met for worship in the evenings. Muvunji and his wife watched, then they listened, then they accepted the Christ who brings freedom from the fear of evil spirits which all their lives had filled them with terror.

When they later returned to their village, the people said, "Why do you not join us as before in the ways of our forefathers?" "Our first months were not easy," said Muvunji. "At first they laughed at us, then they mistreated us. They destroyed the plants in our fields. When my wife went to the stream to get the manioc placed there to soak, it had been thrown into the water and had floated away. Often we went to bed hungry. When we were afraid, God heard our prayers for strength and courage. One day a friend came into my yard and said, 'Muvunji, tell me about the Jesus you serve.' Before long others came with the same question. Now we follow Jesus and worship together."

* * * *



This is the answer to superstition and witchcraft.



Traveling bookmobile. "Here's one that tells about Jesus and it costs only five cents."



Left: Congregation dispersing after Sunday morning service. Above: An expectant look.

"Why don't you come and visit us?" said Katembo. "The journey is long and you cannot come in your automobile, but we desperately need your help and encouragement." Katembo was right about the journey. We started by automobile, then by canoe and finally by foot. All day long we traveled. Finally at twilight we stopped at the top of a high hill. From a hilltop on the other side of the valley came the sound of singing. As we listened, we recognized the old hymns of the church. Katembo's congregation were coming to meet us with song.

We stayed for days and the audiences grew to two hundred. There was no doubt about the presence of the Lord, for the faces glowed with joy that only the indwelling Christ can bring. The final communion service was the high point of our visit. As we said goodbye to Katembo, we thanked God for what His grace could do through the life of a single man who had dedicated himself to serve God in the wild mountainous country of the upper Loange River. Wherever devoted Christians like Katembo have gone in this ancient land of superstition and fear, the old, old prophecy once more finds fulfillment, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."



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Christmas pageant at Hunt, Arkansas.



Saturday morning — Preview of the Sunday School lesson goes on the air. Bill Lytle is the broadcaster.



Campus of College of the Ozarks.



TALES FROM THE OZARKS

By WILLIAM P. LYTLE, Princeton Seminary, B.D. '47, Th.M. '55. Director of Mission Outreach, College of the Ozarks, Clarksville, Arkansas

Bill "Birdie" and Ruth Lytle.



Below: Lunchtime in a home in the Oka Achukma Community.



"Boy, I'll bet it will be cold in the church-house this morning!" exclaimed David, our oldest boy, as we headed up the mountain road towards Catalpa for our monthly preaching service. Below us lay the wide Clarksville Valley. A few miles to the south, we could see the Arkansas River like a silver ribbon in the early morning light. Topping the crest of the hill, we began a steep descent on a side dirt road that wound into Mulberry Valley. Now we began to pass some houses, scattered every half-mile or so along the road, smoke pouring from each chimney. Cold as it was, Mrs. Langdon was standing out on her porch as we drove up. "I've got my teen-age grandsons in the notion of going with me this morning," she said. I thought to myself as we pulled up in front of the Catalpa Church, "We're assured of a congregation of eight."

Frankly, the building isn't much — a delapidated, one-room schoolhouse, emptied of children years ago by consolidation. It was good to get inside. The pot-bellied stove was chock full of oak wood and piping hot. We pulled the rough benches around in a circle for warmth. Some folks couldn't make it that morning. They had to ford the creek and the water would have frozen in the brake linings. But Mr. Arbaugh was there with his tuning fork. He gave it a lick on the side of a bench, cocked his head towards it, ran through an assortment of do-fa-sols, and started us singing "There's sunshine in my soul today . . ."

Many of the folks in the Catalpa Sunday School know

the meaning of real poverty. Their homes have only the barest essentials of furniture. They live on a "relief" diet of rice, beans and cheese. Recently in one of these mountain homes I found a woman who had been bed-fast for over five months. Her husband is a disabled veteran, drawing a meager pension, unable to hold a steady job. "Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked. "If you happen to know of anyone who has some clothes to spare," the mother replied, "my daughter could use them. She's a sophomore in high school and has only two dresses to her name." I told her I would do my best to find something. "Shall we have worship together before I leave?" We read from Matthew's gospel: ". . . if God so clothe the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe you . . ." In the next few days, my wife was given many lovely dresses, skirts and sweaters for Betty Jean. They were deeply appreciated. God does provide, but He needs our hands to deliver His gifts.

* * * * *

"Eensy-weensy spider went up the water spout . . ." The faces of the children were wreathed in smiles as their little fingers went through the motions of a crawling spider while they joined in singing their new fun song. It was the beginning of a Youth Club program sponsored by the local Methodist and Baptist Negro Churches, meeting in the old gymnasium on our college campus. "This is the finest thing that's ever happened for our children," Mrs. Justice declared at a planning session. She was thinking of the many years in which these boys and girls

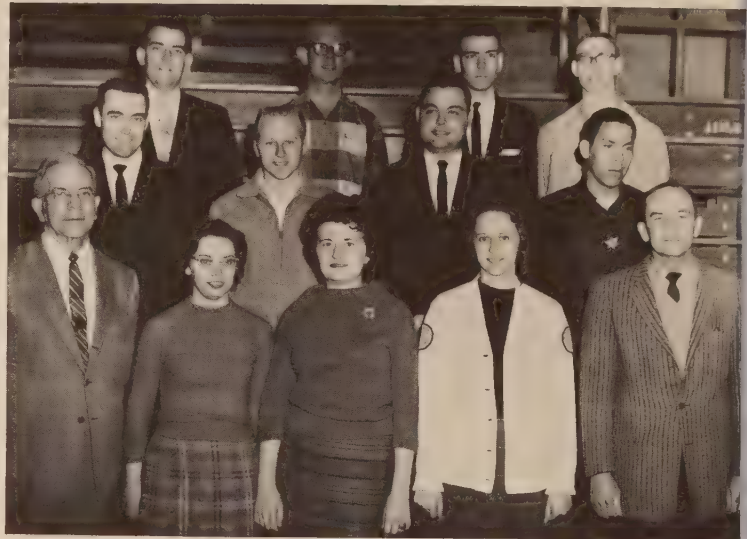
have been deprived of equal opportunity. I listened as Ann May, one of the college girls assisting in the program, told the Bible story. "Jesus bent down and patted little Joshua on the shoulder and nestled Ruth in his arms. He always had time for little children!" Meeker's eyes were wide open as he took in the story. Alma Marie sat on the edge of her seat, transfixed. How good it was to know that these children were learning of a God who cares.

* * * *

"What am I offered for this pie?" the auctioneer intoned, standing behind the rostrum that served as a part-time pulpit in the Liberty Hill schoolhouse. "Twenty-five cents!" chirped Ronnie, the youngest bidder. "Make it a dollar," muttered Freddie with his eyes on the bench in front of him. "Come on, fellows, you wouldn't want Ronnie to get his girl's pie for that price, would you?" Ronnie didn't. He was out \$3.60 before the combined treasury of the others gave out. There was more than fun that night for the young people. There was the thrill of knowing that the money given for the pies would help handicapped children a few miles away as well as orphan children in Korea.

* * * *

And then there was that wonderful weekend in Idabel, Oklahoma. The team of two faculty members and ten students left the campus Friday afternoon and arrived in Idabel at 7:30 p.m. We set up our camp in the Home Demonstration Building on the local fair grounds. The girls took over the kitchen for their quarters while the men spread out in the large auditorium. We used table tops for mattresses and thus discovered after two nights why springs are more popular.



Above:

Building the church at Idabel.

A typical group of students and faculty from the College of the Ozarks involved in Outreach Mission.

Left:

Bob Williston, the Choctaw foreman.

Below:

Vacation Church School at Ozark.



Early Saturday morning we headed over to the site of the new building being constructed by the Choctaw Indian congregation. Half of us spent the day painting while the rest worked on the sheeting and shingling. Working with us as our carpenter foreman was Mr. Bob Williston, a Choctaw himself.

Sunday morning, the congregation invited us to worship with them and share their noon meal. We took our places at the dining table with Indian parents and children, expressed our common thanks to God and proceeded to enjoy the delicious food prepared by the women. Experiences like this are leading many a student to think deeply about his future vocation. One of them said to me recently, "If I didn't know before what I wanted to do with my life, I know now."

This is the pattern of my life as director of mission outreach at The College of the Ozarks. And I love it!





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THE SPIRE

The picture on the cover of "THE SPIRE" shows the spire of Alexander Hall, first occupied by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary in 1817.

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AUTUMN, 1963

The SPIRE

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VOL. XIII NO. 4

“. . . But I don't belong here, Chaplain. I made a mistake, but I'm not crazy. I don't belong in this place.”

It took Jerry ten minutes to reach this point. He'd introduced himself, talked of his church at home, then begun to unload some of his fear at being in an institution with such a fancy name, “The Kansas State Reception and Diagnostic Center.” Then he got down to what bothered him most: “I may have done something wrong, but I'm not crazy.”

The job at this point was familiar—to accept his protest against the guilt of being a criminal; and then to explain that being here didn't mean he was crazy.

“This isn't a mental hospital, Jerry, it's a prison. You're here because you've been sentenced by law—one to five years, as I recall—and the clinical staff want to understand your special problems and steer you into a helpful program somewhere else.”

“But there's nothing wrong with me—I'm normal.”

“Something went wrong. You're here in prison.”

“I don't know—it's nothing, really. I was just having some fun, and I made a mistake.”

“There are lots of ways to have fun, your choice led to prison. Something seems to have gone wrong.”

“Well, I sure don't know what it could be.”

“And that is exactly why you're here—because you're the one who must know, or your future is pretty grim.”

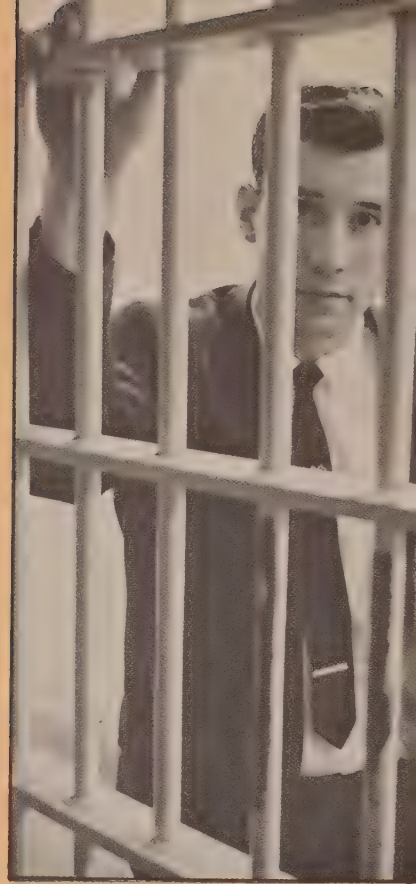
The Chaplain

By **GEORGE C. KANDLE,**

Princeton Seminary '61

Chaplain,

Kansas State Reception
and Diagnostic Center,
Topeka, Kansas.*



“a prison chaplain's parish”

“Being here is your chance to take a hard, straight look at yourself and your life and discover what's needed to keep out of prison.”

“Listen, Chaplain, just being locked up is plenty to convince me I'm never coming back—never!”

That was progress for one session. At least Jerry's fear that he might be insane was out in the open. Without saying it, he was beginning to realize that something was wrong, and he was involved. For the moment, this was enough. Like so many, he felt certain he would never get into trouble again. There was no point in telling him that he was part of a long chain of men who said the same thing, and just as earnestly. The statistics show how wrong he is.

In our federal prisons, over two-thirds of the men sentenced for the first time return again after release. The problem grows more urgent. The F.B.I. Crime Report revealed that in 1960 there were 1,860,300 serious offenses committed, an increase over 1950 of 98%. Every minute four felonies are committed in the U.S. The estimated cost of the crimes, apprehensions, trials and confinements, runs to nearly \$29 billion per year, an expense which is second only to our defense program.

“If you lock them up awhile they'll change their ways.” We used to think Jerry was right—going to prison is something a man might fall into once—but not twice. Yet the thousands of men who return every year have convinced us that by itself prison is not a deterrent. The state of Kansas has taken a giant step to do more. The past has taught us that we can't beat badness out of criminals. We now

recognize that although parole for good conduct is common, and supervision after release is widespread; rewards and surveillance are not enough. There is no area of human behaviour where our research is so limited, our data so confusing, our successes so few. If we are to cut down that 67% of first offenders who return, we need more knowledge.

Faced with these realities, the Kansas Legislature in 1961 authorized a Diagnostic Center scientifically to evaluate every State offender after sentence. Take Jerry again. During his sixty day period of evaluation, Jerry talked with a psychiatrist and a chaplain. He underwent tests from both a clinical and a counselling psychologist. He was given a complete physical examination, and neurological tests. A social worker saw his wife and his step-parents. Then this team, with his cell block officer, the clinical director, and the superintendent, pooled their findings. The Conference drew up a personality picture singling out Jerry's strengths and weaknesses, and recommended a specific institution and rehabilitation program designed to cultivate his assets and foster new controls for his impulses.

For Jerry this meant the Reformatory. As a demanding, over-indulged child, he had taken what he wanted when he wanted it. Until adolescence he had no legal trouble. But as he moved into the adult world, married someone as immature as himself, his conflicts burst forth. His wants were insatiable. His wife was inadequate. Home was no longer a place of attention and protection. His anger grew. He began stealing. Though not physically hungry, he stole food,

* Mr. Kandle has recently become assistant minister in the Presbyterian Church of Sunnydale, California.

perhaps as an expression of his inner starvation. Then the law confronted him with his first definite "no."

I had to understand Jerry's use of religion. He viewed God, for example, as "the man who always loves me and takes care of me." The God of grace and forgiveness was Jerry's God. The God of demand and judgment was unknown. His efforts to get me to take care of him revealed a boy who had wandered into adulthood unequipped spiritually and emotionally for the grown world. Prison can be helpful if he discovers not only punishment, but an opportunity to learn to live within limits. He needs to find in rules and laws allies instead of enemies.

This brief portrait of Jerry represents but one of about 80 inmates who pass through the Center every two months. Others were helped in more dramatic ways: Jack, through an unprecedented arrangement with K.U. Medical Center, underwent a heart operation which saved his life; twenty inmates from Lansing Penitentiary donated blood. Art was one of thirteen men this year whose sentences were suspended after the judge received our evaluation. Consider Joe whose violent temper drove him to breaking mirrors and threatening his own life and the lives of others. Medications brought him to a level where he could unburden hidden fears, and sleep soundly for the first time in his life. Neu-

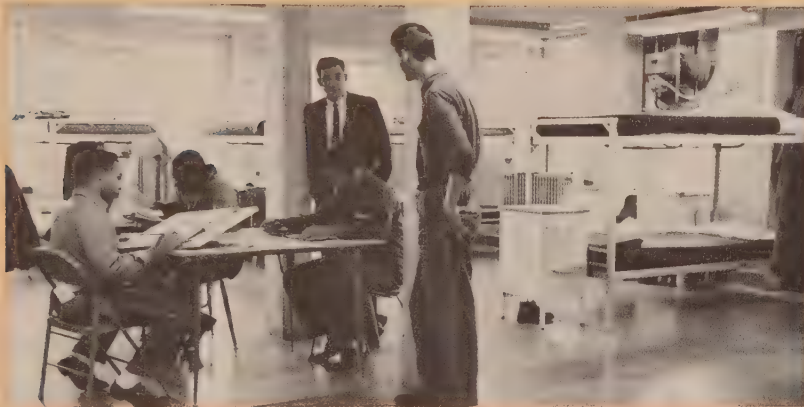
rological tests revealed that Jim's blackouts were caused by brain damage, and he was transferred to a mental hospital for safer and better care.

Prisoners are not the only ones benefitting from our Diagnostic Center. Personnel from other prisons come for training sessions and new ideas to improve their program. Judges ask for professional reports to aid them in sentencing. Families look for new insight about their part in rehabilitation. Over and over we hear from the men "No one has ever really cared to understand me before I came here." These voices—from citizens, prison workers, judges, families, and convicts—stir our hearts and fire our imagination with the future possibilities of this unique Diagnostic Center.

Most rewarding to me has been the daily discovery that every child of God has a spark of creative goodness. A Gospel of forgiveness and reconciliation can be the fire that rekindles lights that have flickered and grown dim.

TOP LEFT:

Chaplain Kandle visits the dormitory - a far cry from the usual prison cell.



TOP CENTER

Recreation and exercise do wonders to reduce discontent and brooding.

TOP RIGHT:

Chaplain's Office - The clue to the Center's uniqueness is individual attention by staff. Here the Chaplain enlists a man's help in defining and coping with his own problems.

BOTTOM LEFT:

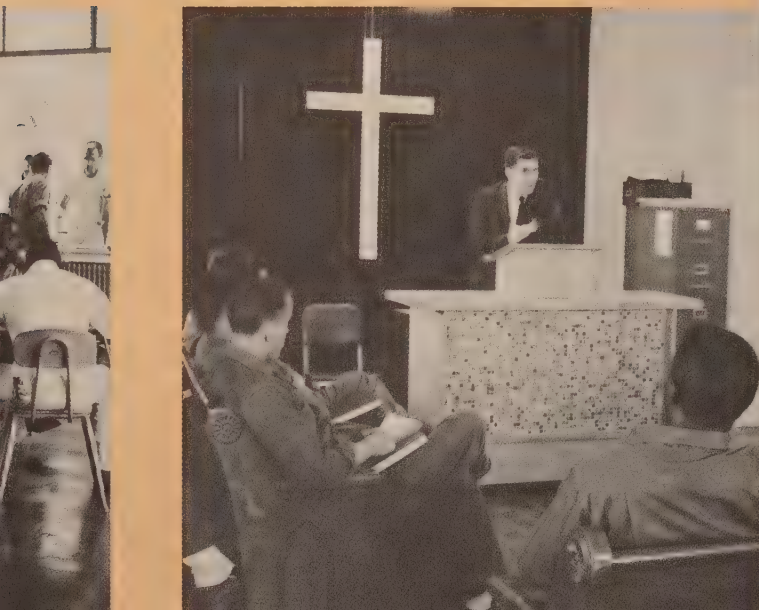
The Diagnostic Conference - The Chaplain meets with psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, superintendent and others in the discussion of each inmate's problems and program.

BOTTOM CENTER

The cafeteria serves excellent food. Four man tables encourage conversation and avoid traditional rigid conformity.

BOTTOM RIGHT:

The Chapel - Worship is a vital source of strength and stability during the anxious days of evaluation. In addition, it provides a line with "life on the outside".



J. RICHARD IRVINE, *Special student Princeton Seminary '57 and '63, Principal of Community School, Teheran, Iran; Fraternal Worker Ecumenical Mission. An interview with Dr. James K. Quay, Editor of the Spire.*

Community School-

A NEW FRONTIER

"Mr. Irvine, I was fascinated by the brief story you told in our church about the New Frontier in missionary education and evangelism in Iran. Can you tell me more about it?"

Dick Irvine's face lit up with the eager smile of one who has much to tell. "Delighted," he said, "where shall we begin?"

"You spoke about a New Frontier. What do you mean?"

"New Frontier describes it," said Dick. "I don't believe there is anything like it in the whole world."

"That's a lot of territory," I said.

"It is no exaggeration," he replied. "Our five hundred boys and girls come from almost every religion, race and culture of the world. The number of mother tongues in classrooms ranges from half a dozen to eighteen. It is common for individuals to speak five or six languages. We have students from Iran, Indonesia, Argentina, Denmark, Pakistan, Turkey, Iraq, India, Czechoslovakia, Germany, France, England, the United States and Canada."

"What a melting pot. I wish I could visit your campus and meet them."

"That's easy," said Dick. "I'll introduce them to you in absentia."

"Here is George. He and his family were refugees from the Communists in Manchuria. He knew no English, the language of the school. Within two years George graduated at the head of his class. He is studying nuclear physics in Tennessee."

"Simon's heritage is Greek. He came to Community in first grade. At graduation he went to Warren-Wilson College. He is completing medical internship at Duke University, having earned most of his education by scholarship. I expect great things of him in medicine, perhaps in Iran."



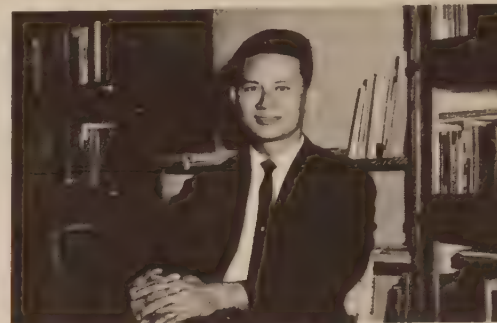
ABOVE: J. Richard Irvine and Dr. James K. Quay.



ABOVE: A Bakhtiari student. His father was a servant in the American College who enrolled as a student and became a doctor in Iran. His son, in the picture, a Community School graduate, is now a medical student at Yale.



UPPER RIGHT: A "United Nations" Assembly - Front row - left to right - Principal, American Professor, Japanese Ambassador, Swedish Ambassador, U. N. Resident Representative. LOWER RIGHT: Reuben Boloom (Filipino) Chaplain - Community School 1957-1962. He conducted service at "United Nations" Assembly.



"Farhad is interesting and stimulating. His father is one of Iran's publishers. He too came as a first grader. After graduation he took a degree in journalism at Syracuse. He is editor of a Tehran newspaper. Farhad spent last summer in India and Japan, invited by those governments to international conferences in journalism."

"Altay came to Tehran with his father, a Turkish military officer. He has a master's degree from the University of Ankara. Altay plans a career in the Turkish Ministry for Foreign Affairs. He will, I think, be Foreign Minister one day. His Community School experience makes it possible for him to work for genuine alternatives to force and terror in international relations."

"Mokoto's parents were in Iran in business. They were enthusiastic supporters of Community School. I have just heard from Japan the marvelous news that Mokoto has become a Christian."

"Mohsen, son of an excellent Iranian physician, will attend Dartmouth, Yoshiko will be our first graduate to attend the International Christian University in Tokyo. A recent American Consul in Tabriz is a former Community School boy, and . . ."

"Wonderful," I interjected. "How do you get them together from the ends of the earth? You must have a remarkable recruiting system."

"Not at all," replied Dick. "They hear about us and they come."

"But why do they come?" I asked.

"They want our new kind of education. It is entirely different from the nationalistic education which dominates their world. Without trying in the least to obliterate the differences in culture, creed and race, we seek to build a community shot through with the spirit of Christ. You can't keep young people from learning from each other and their teachers in a milieu like that. Their obvious differences become

the very means by which they develop strong and enduring friendships."

"Surely you can't impose a Christian and missionary emphasis on a group of young people from a half-dozen non-Christian faiths," I said.

"On the contrary," he replied, "though I would disagree with the word 'impose,' Community School is firmly and candidly a project in international educational evangelism. Its vitality is its uncompromising concern for introducing people to Christ."

"How do you manage without arousing their hostility?" I asked.

"By a frank, appreciative recognition of the faith of every youngster on campus," he answered. "Here's how it works."

"Our forty faculty members are a Christian international group, representative of the same broad spectrum of the world's cultures as their students. They teach within the framework of the Christian understanding of Man. Their goal is that every student know the great persons, ideas and events of his own country, and of his classmates countries. This attitude develops in the student a clear sense of personal identity and a strong sense of respect for the identity of others. An uninhibited camaraderie results in which personal witness to Christ is natural. Students are growing in the things of the spirit, as well as of the mind and body. The school's motto is 'Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.'"

"Regular time is devoted to the teaching of Bible and the Christian faith. Periods of spiritual emphasis and evangelism are provided. Our greatest opportunities lie in the growing confidence of students in their teachers, whose personal lives and Christian commitment are our most telling witness. The Gospel comes to students as a clear statement of the Word of God in Christ, given to men of every nation, culture and creed. There is hostility—hostility which



ABOVE: *Student Council - five nations represented.*

arises out of frustration. Young people perceive that their teachers are faithfully educating them in the realities of life. It is difficult to struggle with the challenge of the Gospel. Understanding the significance given to personal integrity, students know there are no tricks. They are free to make their own decisions."

"Then you are free to make as strong a Christian witness as possible," I remarked.

"Yes," said Dick, "and the very fact that we respect the sincerity of every man's faith leads him to view with an open mind the claims of Christ and their possible implications for him personally."

"Community School produces, under Christ, international leaders dedicated to the welfare of their own countries and the best interest of other countries. Graduates are called into national and international service because their understanding and ability are needed. They will handle their jobs with an eye to their own national security and a conviction that the only wholesome sovereignty possible lies in genuinely shared international responsibility."

"Presbyterians have been educational pioneers," I remarked. "You appear to be adding a new dimension to our heritage of educational service."

"I believe so," Dick answered. "We are pioneering in international education and training a new generation, under Christ, for responsibility and service on a New Frontier."



ABOVE: *Class in Physics. Professor Mohsen Ajami, an outstanding Christian, was research associate at Saint Louis University. Now head of Mathematics and Science Department.*

BELOW: *Basket Ball team - seven nations here.*



Second grade reading class. Miss Penna Lazar is an Armenian - Assyrian Christian from Tabriz.



Miss Hykm Sahakian - Iranian Christian, Vice-Principal of Community School.



The School Choir leads Chapel music and gives classical concerts.

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The SPIRE

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Winter, 1963

The SPIRE

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

Vol. XIV, No. 1

"Once I was Blind"

By the Reverend Robert E. Noble, Jr., *Special Student Princeton Seminary 1962-63*
Missionary Ecumenical Mission and Relations, Pakistan

"Al Khudawand, in marizon ko, jo operation karanewale hain, barkat de . . ."

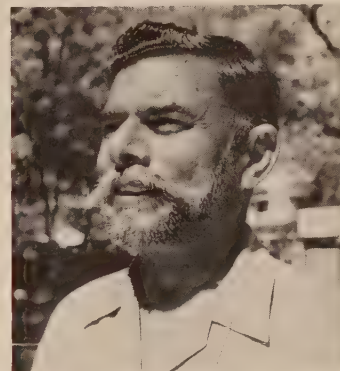
The bearded figures listened attentively as they huddled together on benches in the dimly lit corridor. A little farther away, a similar group of women also listened to the message over the loudspeaker. My job was that of chaplain of this outpost mission hospital on the edge of the famous northwest frontier of Pakistan. Every forty minutes the tape recorder would repeat in three languages its message of comfort and hope. A steady stream of patients waiting for cataract operations would pause to listen. They had come for physical help. We were there to help them spiritually in the Name of Christ.

One of the listeners was a young man named Saddique. He had brought his mother to the hospital for treatment because she was gradually going blind. He led her to the clerk's table to register her in the women's clinic, and then he had to leave her there with the other women patients, since in this culture a man cannot remain with a group of women.

While he was waiting for his mother, Saddique wandered over to the men's clinic, where about 75 men were listening to our Pakistani evangelist who was emphasizing the fact that God is concerned with the souls of men as well as their bodies, and that He had sent Christ into the world as the Savior to reconcile men to Himself. It was because of reconciliation that the Cross was necessary. Saddique was interested. In the past he had heard something about Christian teaching, but he had never before heard a message such as this. The evangelist told about Jesus' preaching, teaching and healing—and at the close, he explained how the Christian workers at the hospital were continuing the earthly ministry of Jesus in meeting the needs of men and women today. He said that the greatest need of man is to be reconciled to God, and urged his listeners to consider their own need of God's saving grace. He concluded by saying that if anyone would like to talk further with him about the way of salvation, or to purchase any of the attractive pamphlets on the table, he would be glad to help him.

Saddique was torn between a desire to talk with the evangelist, and a fear that somehow this would be too upsetting for him. While he hesitated, he saw others

■ **RIGHT:** *Our evangelist, the Reverend B. M. Allah Rakka, who preaches in three languages and makes tape recordings for patients as they await operations.* ■ **CENTER:** *Dr. O. A. Brown, from Detroit, staff doctor at Taxila examining patient in clinic.* ■ **LOWER RIGHT:** *A frontier tribesman, typical of the 36,831 patients treated at Taxila last year.*



buying some of the literature, and was encouraged to go forward to buy one of the booklets. It was the Gospel of John. Quickly he carried it away to a patch of shade under a tree, and opened it: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God . . . hmmm . . . and the word became flesh and dwelt among us." "Why," thought Saddique, "that's very strange—the word was God, and the word became flesh . . . that must mean, then, that somehow God became a human being . . . hmmm . . . I wonder if that's what the evangelist meant by saying that God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself . . . well, I've never heard that anywhere else before. That's pretty hard for me to swallow . . ."



* (Translation of opening sentence: "O Lord, we ask Thee to bless these patients who are about to undergo operations.")

and yet, that's what it seems to say right here in this booklet . . ."

Saddique was relieved to learn that his mother was to have a cataract operation the next morning. He was also secretly pleased, because it meant that he would be able to stay for about ten days while his mother was recovering. That would be wonderful! He would have the chance to hear other messages, and even to read some of the other booklets.

■ **BELOW:** *Taxila Hospital's operating room, where 5553 eye operations were performed in 1962.*



He carried his mother's bedding roll, as well as his own, over to the ward where she was assigned. It would be Saddique's task to cook for his mother and take care of her during the ten-day recovery period. As he began to prepare a simple mid-day meal for her and himself, he thought again of what he had read, and what the evangelist had said: "Man is separated from God by a wall of sin, and man is dead in sin . . . what does that mean? . . . it must have something to do with what Christ said about Himself in the booklet: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' . . . but then again, 'no man cometh unto the Father but by me' . . . is 'the Father'

LEFT: *Evangelist administering baptism to Saddique. RIGHT: Chaplain Noble and Saddique.*



the same as God? . . . well, this raises all sorts of questions . . . I'll have to hear what the evangelist says tomorrow." Saddique made his mother as comfortable as possible and busied himself in buying milk, eggs and firewood, and helping her to prepare for the operation the next morning.

Saddique was up long before dawn, and went with his mother to the waiting room. As they waited, they heard over the loudspeaker the recorded voice of the evangelist as he prayed for the doctors, nurses and patients, and gave a short message of hope, urging his listeners to trust in God to give them spiritual sight as well as physical sight. He told about the man born blind, whom Jesus healed, and how he said: "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see," and how later Jesus met him again and he said, "Lord, I believe," receiving spiritual sight as well as physical sight. Saddique knew what physical sight was . . . but spiritual sight . . . ?? . . . He would have to ask the Pakistani evangelist about that.

Just then his mother's name was called, and the nurse led her through the door to the operating room. It happened so suddenly. Saddique made a step to follow, but he knew he couldn't . . . his mother was gone. He was alone, and frightened. Just then the voice of the evangelist came again over the loudspeaker: "Jesus said, 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God; believe also in me . . .'" Saddique found himself praying, "Oh God, I do believe in you, and I ask you just now to heal my mother's eyes so that she may see again. And . . . Oh God . . . I have always believed in Jesus as a great prophet . . . but now I'm confused . . . help me to know the truth."

For nine days Saddique read and listened to the Gospel.

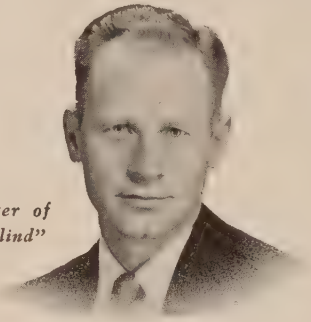
Finally he came and asked if he could speak with me privately. He held a crumpled Gospel of John in his hand: "Last week I brought my mother here for an operation, and the doctor has just told me that she can go home tomorrow. We are both so happy that she will see again!" His face was radiant. But then his expression changed: "While I've been here, I have listened to the messages every day, and I have read this booklet several times. I have prayed that God would show me the truth about Himself, and I would like to come back and study some more after I take my mother home. I think I can say, as it says here,"—the page was smudged—"Once I was blind, but now I see." Today, Saddique is still studying and struggling through many difficulties, but the victory is his, and he would say, in spite of the hardships: "Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."



Bruce Calkins, writer of
"Youngest Elder"

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Bob Noble writer of
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Youngest Elder

I looked up from my desk at the tall,
dark young man who had just returned
from a Leadership Training School of the
Synod of New York. From the sparkle in
his eyes and the tone of his voice, I knew
he was bursting with ideas he wanted to
express. "I have just experienced the most
spiritual week of my life," he said excitedly.

"What happened in the training school,
Tom?" I asked.

"For a whole week, everyone was talk-
ing about the Christian faith and how to
share it with others - - children and adults.
This was **the** topic of conversation not only
during the meetings, but at meals and bull
sessions too. I can hardly wait to get
started with my class of juniors."

"What about that job of superintendent
of the junior department?" I asked him.
"The teachers want you to take it."

"I've been thinking about it," said Tom.
"I'll take it. I have many ideas and there
are tremendous opportunities for creative
programs in the task."

"There are about 90 juniors in that
room, aren't there?" I asked.

"At least," said Tom. "There are
usually more than 90 and the enrollment
is well over a 100. This year it will prob-
ably be even higher with all the new
housing projects being built in this neigh-
borhood."

"Right," I said. "The senior high, junior
high and primary departments are all lar-
ger than they have ever been. Most of the



LEFT: *The Sunday Church School enrollment is over 600. The Church cooperates with the "Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund" in sending 300 children to the country each summer.*

By **BRUCE CALKINS**, *Princeton Seminary, 1959*

Pastor of the Soundview United Presbyterian Church, Bronx, New York

new families are young, with several children. I think many of them test their own acceptance in the church by first sending their children."

"Well, said Tom, "a lot of them are rather slow about following their children to the church. Somehow, we need more adults who are experiencing more and sharing more of the Christian life."

I looked again at the upstanding young Negro. Tom Whitney was no ordinary person. Nine years ago he had joined our Sunday School. Two years later he joined the church and had so impressed the congregation with his fine sincerity and Christian example that four years ago, when he was eighteen, they had elected him as an Elder of the church; the youngest Elder in the Synod of New York and possibly in the whole United Presbyterian Church. Now, here he stood at my desk, obviously still bursting with something he wanted to say.

"You sound like a man with an idea," I said.

"Well I am, but it is still vague."

"Let's hear it."

"I was thinking about these home discussion circles that have been so helpful, both to our members and to their friends. Why couldn't we start something along this line in the Sunday School?"

"With the children?"

"No," said Tom. "I was thinking of the parents. All the parents of the children in

one class could be invited into the home of one of the parents. In the junior department, for example, the parents could first discuss the faith that we are trying to teach to their children—questions like, 'Who is Jesus Christ?' 'What does he have to do with life today?' 'What is the Church, and what is its job?'"

"Discussions like that could even begin from a look at the material their children will be studying the next Sunday morning," I said.

"Exactly," said Tom, "and after they discuss the content of the Christian faith or at least the content of their children's lessons, they'll probably want to talk about the children themselves."

"You are absolutely right," I said. "Whenever parents get together, children are always brought into the conversation."

"I hope," said Tom, "that before long they would begin to talk about the Christian education of their children which can take place in their own homes."

"If we can do this," I said, "it would not only help the members of the church but it would also provide an opportunity for exposing parents who are outside of the Church to real Christian fellowship."

"I know," said Tom. "One of the most exciting things about the home discussion groups I have attended is the way the so called outsider felt like an insider. I've talked with several people who didn't believe that the Church had much to say



ABOVE: *The Church is aided by the Board of National Missions. Serving with Bruce Calkins (above) is a Spanish minister and David Singleton (Princeton Seminary '63) as a post-seminary intern. BELOW: Tom Whitney and Janet Wheaton, secretary of the Young Adult group visit with their pastor, Bruce Calkins.*





ABOVE: *Sound View United Presbyterian Church of the Bronx is within two blocks of four city housing projects. Additional apartments will bring 5,000 more families into the area during the next five years.*

and who for the last 10 years had never attended any worship service until they came to one of these home meetings."

"How did they decide to come in the first place?" I asked.

"They are usually invited by a friend or a neighbor," replied Tom.

"Would they have come to a service on Sunday morning if they had been invited?" I asked.

"Not the ones I mean," said Tom. "They would never dream of attending a traditional Sunday church program but after they have visited one of these house-church groups, their whole attitude is different. Take for example the case of a fellow I have known for years. He claims he doesn't believe in anything. After coming to some of these 'Church in the home' meetings he still argues from the athiest point of view, but I think that for the first time in his life he has been able to see and take part in a Christian fellowship. He is able to say whatever he believes or feels, and the others still accept him as part of the fellowship."

"You know, Tom, I think that it is through other people that God shows us that He loves us and accepts us."

"If that is the way it happens," said Tom, "then these study-discussion groups in the home certainly can do a lot. I've never felt closer to other people or to God than during and after some of the 'Church in the home' meetings. Others have said the same thing."

"Tom, what you have described could expand Christian education into the home as we have never before succeeded in doing."

"Yes," said Tom excitedly, "and what the parents learned and experienced could be shared with the children all week long."

"You have this pretty well thought out, Tom. Why don't you present the plan to the next Session meeting on Tuesday. You may revolutionize the whole Christian education program and profoundly deepen the Christian life of our Church."

"I couldn't pass up an opportunity like that," said Tom. "I'll be there!"



LEFT: *Both English and Spanish language services are conducted. About 70% of the congregation is Negro, 15% Puerto Rican, and 15% white and others. Each Sunday the congregation responds to the benediction with the words: "May this blessing remain with us all as we now go forth to be the People of God in the World".*
RIGHT: *Bruce hears from one family their excited report of a home-discussion group which they had led. This family says, "There are many people who will not come to the Church — so we must bring the Church to them".*





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Thai Trek!

BY JEANNE V. BELLERJEAU, M.R.E.
Princeton Seminary '49,
Representative, Ecumenical Mission and
Relations, Thailand

"Oh my aching feet! If it is much farther I don't think I can make it." Far ahead was my companion, Kru Prapit, the National President of the Christian Women's Association, who had come from Bangkok. Little did I know that the only reason she was walking so fast was for fear of losing sight of the guide. Only when we finally reached our destination did we discover both of us were nearly exhausted. We had not dared show our fatigue, for we were the only "city slickers" in the group. Our companions were all country folk. We were empty handed, while they carried our baggage.

the floor while our hosts plied us with delicious food they had brought from home.

ABOVE: The trek. NEAR RIGHT: We passed this little fellow in the forest. UPPER RIGHT: The little church. LOWER RIGHT: Lunch time at Women's Conference.



Then came the meeting that was supposed to be for women, but before long the room with its single pressure kerosene lantern was packed with men and children as well. The dominant note of the meeting was joy as the Word of God was read, prayers were offered, "The Church's One Foundation" and other familiar hymns were sung. Most of the audience were illiterate, but they all sang from memory.

"It's just a little farther," our guide had been telling us for the last three hours! It seemed ages since we had started by bus, and traveled until there was no more road. Now we were walking along a forest trail that finally emerged into the rice fields. There were rice fields, and rice fields, and more rice fields!

It was nightfall when we reached the little church perched high up on its stilts above the ground. Out poured the crowd that had come to greet us with lanterns and torches. What we needed more than anything else was a bath. This they understandingly arranged. Supper was served in the back of the church. Everybody sat on



After the meeting, we chatted informally. Here was an elder who had been taught to read by his wife. Here was another elder who was very proud to have a



ABOVE:

LEFT: Young Members of the Women's Association. **CENTER:** Tin cans become flower vases. **RIGHT:** Jeanne V. Bellerjeau.

BELOW:

LEFT: Kru Prapit-Principal Wattana Academy, and friend from India. **CENTER:** District Officers Women's Association. **RIGHT:** "I taught myself to read by singing the hymns!"

son studying in the Theological Seminary at Chiangmai.

"How many members do you have in this church?" I asked.

"We have fourteen roof-tops," was the answer.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It means that there are fourteen homes in which there are Christians. Sometimes there are two or three families in the same home with parents and married children."

"Who conducts the service on Sunday?" I asked.

"Elder Suma and elder Sang take turns. Elder Sang took the laymen's course at Seminary for two terms, but we are desperately in need of more leaders."

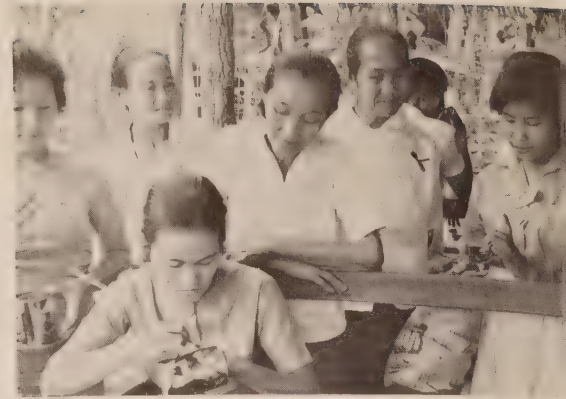
"Do you ever ask any of the young people to help when they come home for vacation?" said Khun Khamdee.

"No, we never have."

"Don't you think they could teach the children, Khun Khamdee?"

"Yes, I'm sure they could, especially Khun Poonsri, she knows many of the children's songs."

This bit of conversation reveals the growing impact of the outside world upon



these tiny isolated settlements in the hill country. The young people are leaving home for school or for work in the large towns and cities. They return with alert minds and new ideas, the value of which some of the older people are slow to appreciate.

A year ago I had learned much when I visited the congregation with Kru Khamdee to set up the first Women's Association.

"Do you remember," said Kru Khamdee, "how we tried to stress the importance of learning to read?"

"Yes, and since there were only two in the group who could read, they tried to please us by selecting those as President and Secretary."

"I thought it was very kind of them until you asked them whether they would respect and follow the leadership of these newly elected officers, and with one accord they all shook their heads NO!"

"Yes, you remember they said that the two they had elected were too young to be respected."

Thus the age-old struggle between the old and the new goes on in this primitive little church in the hill country of Thailand.

After a good night's sleep and a hot





breakfast, Kru Prapit and I set out to visit the families living under the "fourteen roof-tops." First we stopped at Mrs. White's house. Her conservative mother-in-law had first refused to let her attend church. Now she squatted at the back of the room smoking a cigarette and ignoring our greeting.

Soon the neighbors and their children came, and we were in the midst of a little gathering of people who were struggling earnestly to witness for Christ to their neighbors and relatives who had not found Him as Lord and Savior.

"It has not always been easy," said one of the women, "but I find God always gives sufficient strength and courage when we ask His help. I hope my husband will soon come to know Christ. Sometimes he talks with the men of the church, but so far he does not believe."

After prayer that God would strengthen their simple faith, we left to visit other families living under the "fourteen roof-tops." As the day wore on, I kept thinking how wonderful it was that God had not planted all of His churches in the great cities, but that back here among the hills there were scores and scores of these simple churches, which will one day be a tower of strength in the growing Christian community of this wonderful field of Thailand.



COURTESY OF PRESBYTERIAN LIFE

Christmas service in the old church.

(*Mission At T*

BY CARL H. GE

COURTESY OF PRESBYTERIAN LIFE

Our house is warm now.



The two old buildings were symbolic of what had happened to the life of the congregations that had once worshipped there. High on Meeting House Hill they gave their silent message to all who passed by. These weather-beaten buildings, buffeted by winter storms, bleached by the hot summer sun, showed the signs of long neglect. Rotted timbers, cracked plaster, lawns unkempt gave their own testimony. Each summer for a few brief weeks the doors were opened. Worship services were held. Then the doors were closed. For all practical purposes the congregation had ceased to function.

What is life like in a rural community without a church? Listen to the words of one who has lived through the experience.

M. A. T. E. (The Eastward)

GEORGES, JR., B.D. Princeton Seminary '52, Board of National Missions

"A town without a church is like a ship without a rudder. There was nothing to which one could tie himself. If a young couple wished to be married they hunted up a minister or more often a justice of the peace who was not busy. In case of death it was the same. When our mother died I called five different ministers before I found one who could come. He had never met her nor any of our family.

"Most people attended church on Easter because they felt they should, they couldn't tell exactly why. There was no religious background for our children — not even Sunday School. Some folks were really concerned about this and some were just indifferent."

On October 5, 1952, World Wide Communion Sunday, a young minister just out of Princeton Seminary conducted his first communion service. At only one other time in the history of the Leeds community could one of the eldest citizens remember a Communion service in the old church. The plaster on the wall was cracked and broken, there were no lights in the sanc-

tuary. The old organ in the back of the church is pumped by hand, and air hissed as it escaped from the bellows cracked with age. The Communion table, old and rickety, was covered with a white table cloth brought from home. The Invitation was given to all who accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour, who are truly sorry for their sins and who desire His help to lead a holy life. The organist played "Just as I am," and people started to file down into the front seats to receive Communion. Twenty-nine took Communion, many for the first time. I know the reality of the Living Church of Christ. He was there at the Communion table.

That same year an old lady looking up from her sick bed said, "I had given up



The night the Leeds church was reorganized.

hope that God would ever send anyone here. No one has ever cared." She lived in a very small hamlet back off the main road. The need for a Mobile Ministry was again burned into my heart.

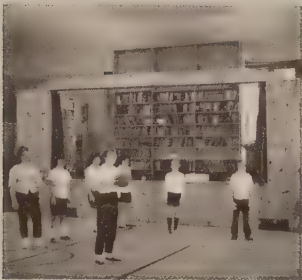
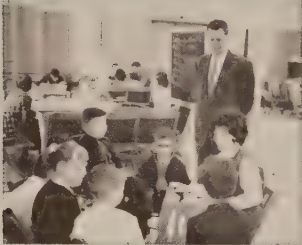
The night the congregation of the Leeds Community Church was born, thirty-four adults were baptized, the youngest twelve, the oldest eighty-three. Sixteen joined by profession or reaffirmation of faith, seven by transfer.

Alden Bragdon is an elder on the session and is superintendent of the church school. Here is his story in the life of the church.

"A short time ago I was very close to becoming an alcoholic. Everywhere I went

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ABOVE:

TOP: Even a small library is a boon to these youngsters. CENTER: Alden Bragdon, Sunday School Superintendent and Elder of the church visiting Sunday School class. BOTTOM: Basketball practice in Leeds Community Church.

NEAR RIGHT: Christmas carolling. FAR RIGHT: Logging — one of Maine's principal industries.

and whatever I did, I had to have a bottle in my hand. I had been to the Salvation Army for prayer and help, to the A.A. and had tried about everything. Even threats from my wife to leave me did not stop me. She actually did leave me on occasions, only to come back when I promised to stop drinking. After a few days, back to the bottle I would go.

"Even though I loved my wife and six children, I spent more time getting drunk with my friends. My children were afraid of me and looked at me as if I were a monster. But I could not shake the habit.

"Shortly after moving to Leeds in 1957 Mr. Geores stopped in to welcome us to town, invite us to church and the children to Sunday School. This was the first time a minister had ever stopped at our home. After he left, I laughed to myself 'trying to get me to go to church!'

"One evening, returning home from work in sort of a drunken state, I stopped at the minister's home and asked for help. He talked with me for a while and said a prayer. Before I left he handed me a piece of paper on which he had written, Philipians 4:13. 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.' 'Read it several times a day,' he said. And I did. Mr. Geores got me interested in the work of the church and I kept quite busy.



COURTESY OF PRESBYTERIAN LIFE

"Since that day in October 1958 I have not taken a drink and I know that as long as I have a firm grip on God, I never will. Without God's help, the minister's guidance and the love and concern of my wonderful wife, I never would have licked the alcohol habit."

Last January our deacons became aware of the serious plight of a family with five children who lived in an uninsulated camp. During one storm the temperature inside the house dropped to ten above zero. The deacons insulated the house, the family dug a well, installed a hand-pump inside their house and built a new chimney. Their oldest daughter has become a vital mem-

ber of our Senior Youth Group. The other children attended Daily Vacation Church School. The mother and all the children came to our Christmas candle-light service. The mother also comes to a new sewing class at the church.

What you have been reading is a very greatly condensed report by the Reverend Carl H. Geores concerning his work during the past twelve years in a small community in Maine. This church at Leeds is one of three which Carl serves. This group is one of four such groups of three congregations each, which are scattered over a large and thinly populated area of the great north. The project is known as The Mission At The Eastward commonly known as M.A.T.E. which is supported by the Board of National Missions of the United Presbyterian Church and The Evangelical United Brethren Church. Here are some of the activities conducted in these twelve little communities, each under its own pastor.

- Daily Vacation Church Schools (for 1,000 boys and girls).*
- Summer Camps in the Maine woods.*
- United Junior Choir festivals.*
- Workshops, study sessions and fellowship rallies for youth.*



COURTESY OF PRESBYTERIAN LIFE

- Basketball leagues.*
- Boy Scout activities.*
- Lumber camp evangelism.*
- "Lord's Acre" projects.*
- Farmers Cooperatives.*
- 4-H Clubs.*
- Teen-age canteens, etc.*

To quote the final words of Carl Geores, "Our highly organized society needs to remember that some of the greatest needs and opportunities for the Christian Ministry are to be found in the small isolated rural communities that so often are forgotten by a busy church in a busy world."



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by Chaplain E. Vaughan Lyons, Jr.
Princeton Seminary '43



A small group of us gathered on the fantail of the ship, "batting the breeze" one Wednesday evening. We were crossing the Pacific, traveling westward. After a while someone casually said, "Well, tonight we cross the international date line. Tomorrow will be Friday."

Willie, who had been no more than ten miles from his home in Mississippi before entering the Navy, spoke up in protest, "No, today is Wednesday. Tomorrow is Thursday, not Friday." The Bos'n, who was more experienced in such matters corrected him, "Willie, didn't you hear the man say we cross the international date line tonight? We'll skip Thursday and tomorrow will be Friday." Willie was puzzled, "What hap-

pens to Thursday?"

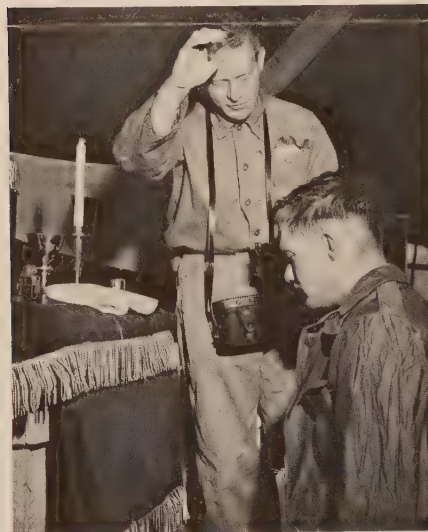
Several people tried to explain the entire sequence of time zones we had been going through since leaving California, but it was too much for Willie. "The Lord made seven days in the week and there ought to be seven days. I don't think you ought to mess around with things like that." He refused to change his calendar and for some time he was one day behind everyone else aboard ship.

This incident happened during the war when our world was larger and full of strange and unfamiliar places, and when thousands of uninitiated men were uprooted from their home towns and projected to far away places.

Today's sailors are more sophisticated. They have lived or visited in many parts of the globe. Far away places with their strange sounding names are no longer unfamiliar to them. They are accustomed to "messaging around" with the things the Lord has made. Many of them are also highly skilled in the use of complicated mechanical and electronic equipment.

To the casual observer they may appear either blasé or happy-go-lucky. Like other men, however, they express conviction and purpose in their serious moments.

"I've always considered clergymen useless. Before you leave the ship, padre, I want you to know I've changed my mind. Watching you work for the past few years has convinced me that



Top Picture:

Marine Corps helicopter flies over imposing statue of Christ the Redeemer in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Shrouded in clouds when the photo was taken, the statue stands on a 2,100-foot peak towering over the city.

Thomas H. Waddill, RM3, USN, is given communion by Navy Chaplain Lyons in Freedom Village, Korea, shortly after his repatriation from the Communists.

there may be something to this religion stuff. Don't get me wrong, I'm not ready to sign up, at least not yet."

His remark about the uselessness of clergymen came as no surprise. The Lieutenant's hostility to religion had been apparent from the first. So had been his contempt for chaplains. Aboard ship it's difficult to stay angry with anyone very long. The daily experiences of eating, living, and working together break down many barriers. From routine business-like exchanges we gradually found ourselves discussing many topics. Religion was studiously avoided until curiosity prompted him to ask questions about what I believed. Gradually we became friends. In foreign ports we often went ashore together. The sincerity and warmth of his good-bye gave evidence that a real rapport between a chaplain and an unbeliever had been established.

It was after midnight and the young officer coming off watch wanted to talk about something important. Perhaps it could have waited until morning but sometimes a chaplain has his best interviews in the middle of the night.

"Chaplain, I have been thinking about resigning my commission to study for the ministry. I'd like to talk about it." He had attended church regularly and was an active participant in the Bible study group aboard ship. This was the first indication I had that he was considering the ministry. The occasion became the first of a counselling series which culminated in his enrollment in a seminary and his subsequent ordination.

Not all interviews produce such happy results. Sometimes the best the chaplain can do is sow the seed, leaving the results to the work of the Holy Spirit.

At overseas bases the chaplain's parish includes a large number of dependents as well as military personnel. The stress and tensions of living abroad invite their own peculiar problems.

One distraught mother came to the office saying, "Our daughter hates it here. She wants to return to the States, but how can I send her back alone? My place is here with my husband, but I can't bear to see our family torn apart. Chaplain, can you help us?"

Usually there is no quick solution to these family tensions. There wasn't in this case. A series of interviews with



Nuclear aircraft carrier U.S.S. Enterprise CVA(N) 65 underway at sea with U.S.S. Forrestal in background CVA 59.

individual members and with the family together became the means for helping the family re-discover its essential nature and to enable each member to define individual and collective goals.

A civil service employee of the Navy was experiencing the early adjustments of living overseas in an area where his denomination was not represented.

"Chaplain, my family are all Southern Baptists. They will be joining me here in Naples in two weeks. What are we going to do about a church?"

A pastoral call a few days after the arrival of his family assured them of their welcome to the chapel services and an opportunity to express their faith within the framework of a Christian fellowship. For some, attending a service other than their own is an extremely

difficult adjustment. Others find in the inter-denominational program new meaning in Christ's prayer, "That they all may be one."

The life of a chaplain is seldom easy. It is never dull. Each new duty station presents its own set of problems and frustrations, but it also offers rewards and satisfactions that can only be appreciated by one who shares in the common life of a military community.

Footnote:

Among other duties Chaplain Lyons served with The First Marine Division during the Korean War, and participated in the prisoner exchange at Panmunjon. More recently he served on the staff of The Chief of Chaplains and is now Chaplain in Charge of The Chaplains Research Team.



The U.S.S. Alameda County provides a setting for American and Italian friendships.

James Whitmore and actor Van Heflin take a break during the shooting of a film on location. The occasion provides opportunity for the chaplains to invite them to church services the next morning.

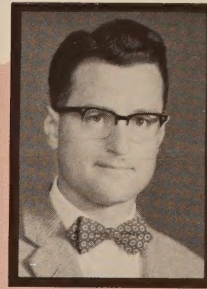


A Navy Ensign escorts his bride under the traditional arch of swords upon leaving the Navy Chapel at Washington, D. C. Officiating, Chaplain E. V. Lyons.



New Africa - and

(The story of John Kamau, Executive



by

William B. Anderson

Princeton Seminary

Th.M. 1963

Kenya

"Why is it you American missionaries are the slowest in understanding nationalism, while your land was the first to free itself from colonialism?" This challenge was not thrown down by an African politician, but by John Kamau, Executive Secretary of the Christian Council of Kenya. He had just returned from a peace-making tour. Some American missionaries got into trouble with African Church leaders. Local politicians spoke darkly of deporting them. John had just helped the politicians and missionaries to see sense. "Why are you Americans so slow in seeing the implications of independence?"

Mt. Kenya. The equator cuts Kenya squarely in two. The great central plateau, heretofore farmed by the white settlers, probably has the finest climate in the world.



and a new African

(Executive Secretary of the Christian Council of Kenya)

This was not a bitter question, but a friendly one — a troubled one. John Kamau, the questioner, had reason to ask it. For his job as Executive Secretary of the Christian Council of Kenya taxes all his talents and experience. He is pulling together 30 Protestant groups, as widely diverse as Episcopalians and Pentecostals; where American Faith Missions rub shoulders with enthusiastic African sects. No one would guess that John Kamau 10 years ago was floundering — only a half-hearted Christian. Yet his story is the story of so many today in modern Africa.

The story really begins in 1921, when his parents became some of the first Kenyans to have a Christian marriage. They had been won to Christ by American Faith missionaries. These missionaries, strict in life and teaching, brought a great liberating force to Kenya — the Gospel. For the African believer, it meant liberation from fear of evil spirits and crippling customs. Above all, there was a "living hope" in the message of the risen Jesus.

John Kamau was the second child born to this marriage. At home he learned a deep piety. Along with others of his generation, he developed a thirst for education. The mission provided schools up to the 8th grade. They were not of the best quality, but they gave him a start. He didn't make it into the only Protestant High School for Africans; but the Roman Catholic High



John Kamau and his wife at Nairobi.

School made a place for him for 3 years. From there he went to Nairobi to train as a physiotherapist. "I felt very near to Christ during those early years of my schooling," John told me, but in Nairobi everything soured.

A number of causes contributed to the souring of John Kamau. Medical students — African medical students,

that is, were given the most primitive sanitary arrangements. "We formed a students' union to fight this and other things. I was elected vice-chairman." This only angered the authorities. For John was meeting head-on white supremacy, which ruled in Kenya until recently. The churches themselves were

(Continued on Page 3, 2nd Column)

May we send "The Spire" free to your friends in the U. S. A. Send names, addresses to:

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Welcoming John Kamau back from England! The man with a clerical collar is John Gatu, General Secretary of the Presbyterian Church of East Africa. They all come from the same area which was served by an American Faith Mission. Now all the Christians are in the Presbyterian Church of East Africa.

John Kamau, surrounded by African Church leaders, some members of the Christian Council of Kenya.

little consolation: scarcely one church welcomed dark and white faces worshipping together. Meanwhile John was reading the books the world wrote. "I can remember," he said, "reading H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*. In it, he tells the story of Jesus as though he were only a brilliant and magnetic leader." Faith eroded even more when he noticed his superiors, both black and white, indifferent to the Church and sometimes mocking. "There grew over me a great bitterness. You just can't imagine what it was like."

So a period of drift began. He left the medical department and began teaching at a large African teacher-

training school, under Jomo Kenyatta. Here he felt happier, without the oppressive spirit of white domination. But still he was bitter. Bitter at the missionaries, at the African church leaders, who opposed or belittled the struggle for independence. "My own father," John Kamau told me, "could not stand the word, 'self-government.' To him it stood for going back to the old pagan ways. The Gospel had freed him from all those things. He used to tell me, 'You know, John, before the Europeans came here, we had no roads, no schools, no hospitals and medicine. Are you trying to throw these all away?'"

In fact, his father was deeply troubled. He had dedicated his life to Christianity, only to see his son desert the Church. Not that he deserted it completely. He still attended services now and then. But his soul was dry.

Then came Mau-Mau. In 1954, John was swept up and imprisoned by the authorities, along with thousands of others. In detention camp, he had the chance to think: of his country, of the angry voices of the politicians demanding freedom; of his own life, its bitterness, failures; and of Jesus. "It took me six months to come to a decision," he said, "and when I decided to accept Christ, it was 3 weeks before I was able to announce it publicly." It stunned his friends. To them it was Christ or Freedom. Anyone who accepted Christ was selling out his people. Not so for John Kamau. "I was always convinced that the struggle for freedom was right," he assured me. "I refused to curse our political leaders; so they kept me two extra years in the detention camps. Yet I'm glad: for I can look our leaders in the face and say, 'I struggled for freedom, too.' And they know I'm telling the truth."

John left detention with a new determination. He would help young men like himself who had lost their way in the bright lights and dark hatreds of modern Africa. John joined the Christian Council of Kenya in order to do Lay Training, and he did it for 6 years. He still feels it is the "number one challenge" for the Church. Now the larger burden of the Christian Council is his. And, if he cannot do the lay training he so loves, he at least helps train fumbling American missionaries how better to work for Christ in the new Africa!

